

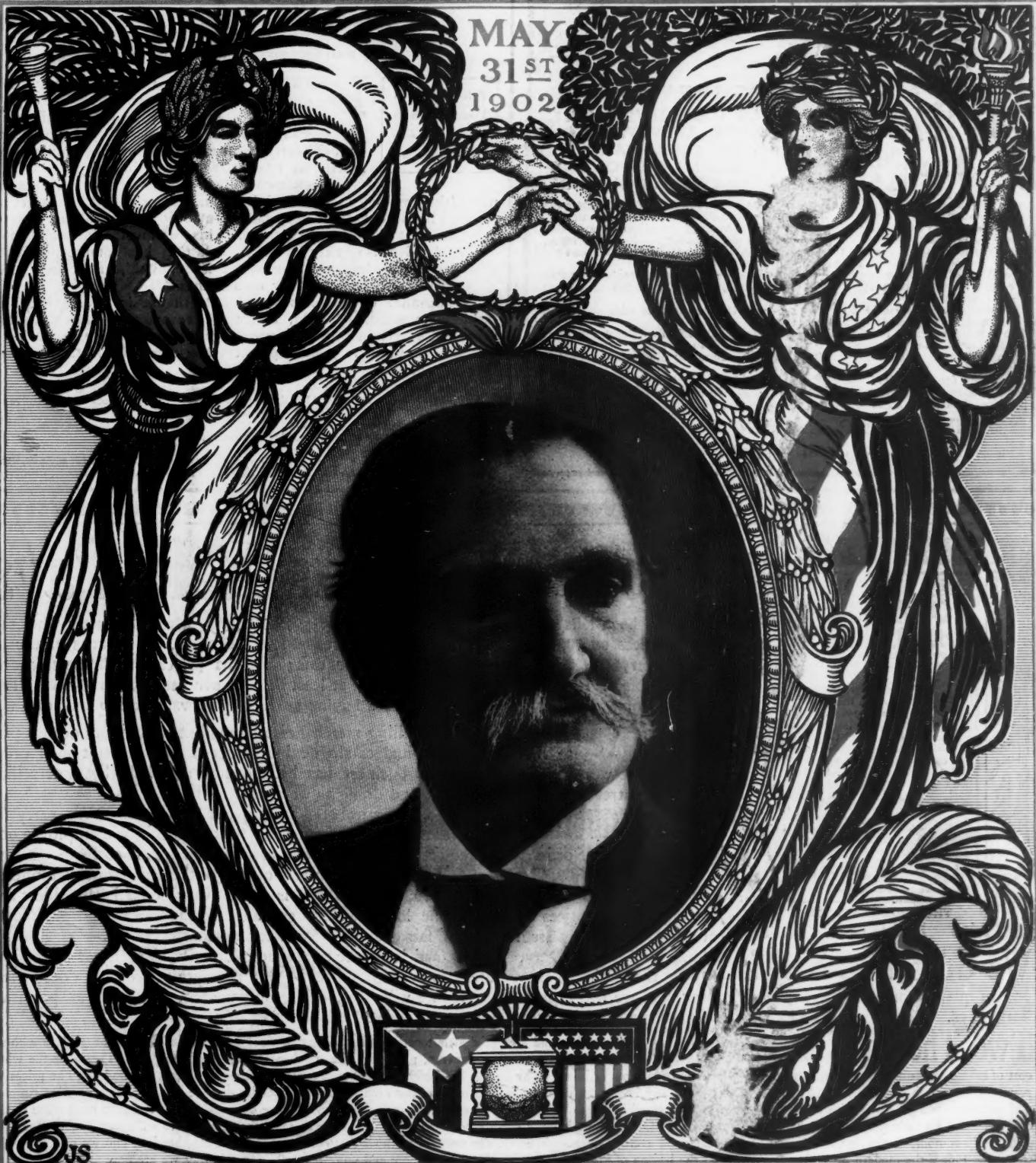
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COLLIER'S

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

MAY
31ST
1902



Tomas Estrada Palma, First President of Cuba

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY IN HAVANA

In our next issue Mr. Bryan—"whose engagement as correspondent marks an epoch in journalism"—will tell all about the Inauguration of President Palma and the present state of affairs in Cuba. Mr. Bryan's articles will be illustrated by our special corps of photographers

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COLLIER'S WEEKLY

P. F. COLLIER & SON
PUBLISHERS



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THE PROMPTITUDE WITH WHICH \$200,000 WAS voted by Congress for the relief of the sufferers from the awful catastrophe in Martinique is rendered the more memorable by the contrast which it offers to the failure of the British Parliament to make any grant for the purpose, and to the slowness with which even the French Government awoke to the gravity of the disaster. Mr. A. J. Balfour professed to know of no precedent which would justify a gift of public money to the citizens or subjects of a foreign country. As a matter of fact, the British Parliament is no more bound by precedents than it is by the text of a written Constitution. Besides, a precedent does exist in the contribution voted to the survivors of the earthquake which nearly destroyed Lisbon about the middle of the eighteenth century. Even if the resources of the British Exchequer are at present too severely strained by the requirements of the war in South Africa to furnish assistance to the colony of a foreign power, there is no excuse for the omission to succor St. Vincent, which is a dependency of the British Crown. As it is, however, the British Government has thrown the work of sending aid to St. Vincent upon individual Englishmen, and upon the British West Indies, which are notoriously indigent. As for the indifference displayed by the Parisians to the woes of their fellow-countrymen in Martinique, it is only another proof of the degeneracy of the French capital, a degeneracy not shared, it should be noted, by the provinces, from which substantial proofs of sympathy have been forthcoming. There is reason to believe that the first estimate of the food supplies that would be needed to save the inhabitants of Martinique from starvation was considerably exaggerated, and that the additional \$300,000 demanded by President Roosevelt, and somewhat hastily conceded by the Senate, will not be required.

THROUGH SOME EXTRAORDINARY OVERSIGHT NO representative of our Federal Government was at the pier on the arrival of the steamship *Touraine* to welcome the Count and Countess de Rochambeau and other invited guests of the nation, who have come hither from France to witness the dedication of a statue to Marshal Rochambeau. Nobody met the distinguished guests except Mayor Low's private secretary and M. Jules Bouffé, who occupies a minor post in the French Embassy at Washington. It is hard to comprehend such remissness on the part of our State Department when one recalls the effusiveness of the official greeting given to Prince Henry of Prussia, who came here self-invited. Can any true-born American imagine that we owe less respect to the delegates of a republic than to those of a monarchy?

BOTH EMPEROR WILLIAM AND PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT seem to have gone off at half cock in the matter of the proposed erection of a statue to Frederick the Great at Washington. There is no ground for the tender or the acceptance of such a gift. As the published correspondence shows, Kaiser William assumes that there is some foundation for the vague allusions made during the reception of Prince Henry to an alleged exhibition of friendliness on the part of Frederick the Great toward the American colonists in general during their war for independence and toward Washington in particular. The story that the Prussian sovereign sent to the commander of the Continental Army a sword bearing the inscription "From the oldest to the greatest general," or any sword whatever, has been shown by Mr. Moneure D. Conway to be entirely apocryphal. Neither is there an atom of evidence for the assertion that Frederick rendered any service to the American colonies during their struggle for liberation from the British yoke. He was repeatedly requested to recognize the independence of the United States, as France, Spain and Holland did, but he never complied with the request until Great Britain herself had acknowledged the independence of her colonies. It is true that Frederick ultimately refused to allow German troops, destined for service under the British flag in America, to traverse Prussian territory; but that was because he detested the practice of selling German blood for foreign gold. The *verso* was ineffectual, moreover, because the mercenaries could pass from the interior of Germany to the seacoast without traversing the Prussian dominions. It ought by this time to be evident to every American and German of common-sense that, if any European sovereign deserves the honor of a statue at Washington, it is not Frederick the Great, who did nothing, but Louis XVI., who did everything in his power to assure the independence of the United States. In his reply to the Emperor's offer, President

Roosevelt rashly promised to submit the proposal to Congress. If he does, we are likely to hear an interesting debate upon the subject.

SOME OF OUR ESTEEMED CONTEMPORARIES FANCY that Dr. Curry's presence in Madrid contradicts our assertion that no steps had been taken to offer Alfonso XIII. the same token of respect with which President Roosevelt intends to honor Edward VII., namely, by the appointment of a special ambassador to be present at the coronation of the former sovereign. Dr. Curry did not go to Spain as Special Ambassador, Special Minister Plenipotentiary, or Special Envoy Extraordinary. Had he gone thither in any of those capacities, his appointment must have been confirmed by the Senate in accordance with the Constitution of the United States. The Senate was not even asked to confirm his appointment in any such capacity. He must, therefore, have visited Madrid either as a private person paying his own expenses, or as an informal agent of the State Department whose expenses, if paid at all, will be defrayed from the fund provided for secret services. What is true of Dr. Curry is also true of Mr. Whitelaw Reid. The latter cannot be present at the coronation of King Edward VII. as a special ambassador, unless he is appointed to that post with the consent of the Senate, and he will have to pay his own expenses, unless the House of Representatives shall concur with the Senate in making an appropriation for the purpose, which at the present moment seems improbable. Why, we repeat, should we go out of our way to pay a compliment to a monarchy which no monarchy has ever paid to the American republic?

THERE IS SOMETHING PITIFUL IN THE ATTEMPT of the London "Saturday Review" to belittle the magnanimity of the treatment which Cuba has received at the hands of the United States. We have no desire to retort by pointing out the contrast between our willingness to proclaim Cuban independence and England's refusal to evacuate Egypt. On the contrary, we gladly acknowledge that the nearest analogue to the noble part which we have played toward the Pearl of the Antilles is England's voluntary renunciation of the Ionian Isles. We also cheerfully record the fact that, although the recommendation came from Mr. Gladstone, that act of self-abnegation was performed by a Conservative Cabinet. The "Saturday Review" is mistaken in assuming that the sugar planters of Cuba could have got a better price for their product had they remained under Spanish domination. The present low price of cane sugar in the markets of the world is due to the competition of the bounty-fed beet-root product. Should the Brussels Convention become operative through the ratification of that agreement by the signatory powers, the price of sugar will immediately rise, and the Cuban planters will once more be prosperous. Meanwhile it is scarcely reasonable to ask that our beet-root growers should bear the whole burden of relieving the Cuban planters by a reduction of our customs duty on the import of Cuban sugars; especially as the former are willing that a rebate amounting to a considerable fraction of the duty should be turned over as a free gift to the Havana Government. That is about as far as generosity can be expected to go. The only objection to such a course is that our Sugar Trust could not possibly divert any part of the donation from its intended beneficiaries.

AT A BY-ELECTION WHICH OCCURRED THE OTHER day in an English constituency, a Liberal was returned, although a Conservative had previously won the seat by a large majority. The incident is symptomatic of a violent reaction against the present Unionist Government, the full proportions of which will not be recognized until after the termination of the war in South Africa. The revulsion has not been caused directly by the huge cost of that contest, although this, according to Mr. Chamberlain's latest estimate, will exceed eleven hundred million dollars, a sum larger by a hundred millions than the vast indemnity exacted by Germany from France after the war of 1870-71. It is the bread tax and the education bill which are destined to alienate from the Unionist Government a large and probably decisive fraction of its former supporters. It is true that the rise of a halfpenny in the price of a loaf of bread may not be sustained when the incidence of the revived registration duty on grain and meal shall have been more correctly adjusted. It is not so much the immediate effect of the duty on breadstuffs which disturbs the toiling masses of Great Britain as the well-grounded fear

of the ultimate consequences of a departure from the free trade policy. As for the educational bill now pending, which purports to make the ratepayers, who already support the National or Board schools, contribute also to the maintenance of denominational schools, there is no doubt that much can be said for the proposal from the viewpoint of the Anglicans and the Catholics. It is certain, however, that the Nonconformists and those who believe that State education should not be sectarian will denounce the present Ministry for receding from the position taken by an earlier Conservative Government, also headed by Lord Salisbury, which firmly declined to impose the burden of denominational schools upon the ratepayer. The political results of such a denunciation will be obvious when we recall that the last two victories of the Unionist party at general elections were due largely to the fact that, under Mr. Chamberlain's leadership, a great many ~~Methodist~~ Nonconformists voted for Unionist candidates. Now they will return to the Liberal fold.

AT THE HOUR WHEN WE WRITE IT IS STILL UNKNOWN whether the peace negotiations proceeding between Lord Kitchener and the Boer generals are likely to prove successful. The opinions officially uttered by members of the British Government are by no means optimistic, yet a feeling of hope pervades the public mind in England and even finds expression on the London Stock Exchange. We take for granted that, while a demand for even a qualified independence will be peremptorily repelled, an effort will be made to conciliate the Boer commanders by concessions on some minor points. It now seems doubtful, however, whether any definite outcome of the *pourparlers* can be looked for before the coronation of Edward VII. The delay is no fault of King Edward's, who is believed to have done everything in the power of a constitutional sovereign to assure peace throughout his dominions before his assumption of the crown.

THE STRIKE UPON WHICH THE MINERS OF ANTHRACITE COAL have entered is of itself a very serious event, but it would dislocate all the wheels of American industry should the miners of bituminous coal be persuaded to take part in it. Many if not most of the latter, however, are working under contracts binding for a year, and it is obvious that if, out of sympathy for their fellow laborers, they should violate their agreements, their plighted word will be valueless thereafter, and they will be estopped from blaming employers who break contracts in their turn. It seems likely, therefore, that the present contest between capital and labor will be localized in the anthracite region. It is a mistake to suppose that there are large stocks of hard coal on hand, and the pressure of the public demand for the combustible may soon constrain the mine-owners to listen with more deference to the proposal of arbitration than they have hitherto evinced. We shall not be surprised to see Senator Hanna again come forward in the rôle of *deus ex machina*, and suggest a compromise which both parties to the quarrel can be prevailed upon to accept. The mine-owners cannot afford long to withstand public opinion, which is already firmly arrayed in favor of arbitration.

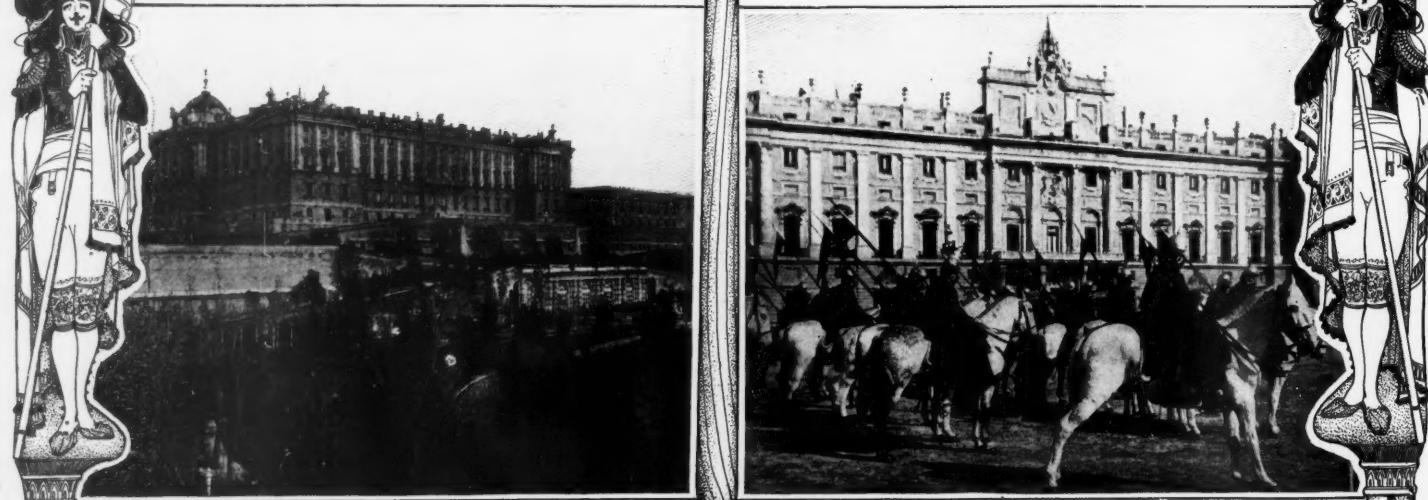
MR. HENRY LABOUCHERE SUGGESTS IN "TRUTH" that Mr. Cecil Rhodes should have added to each of his scholarships, already worth \$1,500 a year for three years apiece, a proportionable life annuity, in order to enable the American scholars, spoiled for business by an Oxford education, to live decently and honestly. He asserts that an Oxford education is primarily intended to enable the young men acquiring it to enter the class of amateurs and idlers. He thinks that Mr. Rhodes would have done better to found scholarships for English youths to study in the United States, because there, in addition to class-room work, they would learn to feel ashamed to loaf around, or to depend on their fathers for positions.

IT IS DEPLORABLE THAT, ALTHOUGH THE GERMS of tuberculosis has long been identified, no cure for it has yet been found. That the experiments of Dr. Koch and other investigators have had no substantial results is evident from the lately published fact that in France alone tuberculosis is killing no fewer than 200,000 persons every year. This means that a city the size of Newark is annually wiped out by this malady.

Latest Portrait of Alfonso XIII., King of Spain

The King of Spain, in the Royal Palace, Madrid
(From Copyright Stereoscopic Photographs by Underwood & Underwood)

King Alfonso XIII. and the Queen Regent of Spain

The Imposing Royal Palace and Royal Park, Campo del Moro, Madrid,
looking from Northwest
(From Copyright Stereoscopic Photographs by Underwood & Underwood)Guard Mount in the Plaza de Armas, Royal Palace, Madrid
(From Copyright Stereoscopic Photographs by Underwood & Underwood)The Gorgeously Decorated Throne Room in the Royal Palace
(From Copyright Stereoscopic Photographs by Underwood & Underwood)Procession Passing the Puerta de la Macarena
(From Copyright Stereoscopic Photographs by Underwood & Underwood)

CORONATION OF ALFONSO XIII., KING OF SPAIN

AMERICA TO THE RESCUE!

*What the United States Did
to Relieve the
West Indian Sufferers*

By Hon. Milton E. Ailes,
Assistant Secretary
of the United States Treasury

PROMPT AND PRACTICAL was the relief which the government and the people of the United States extended to the volcano victims of the Lesser Antilles. Probably civilization has never seen a finer example of a touch of nature making the whole world kin. In this instance nature had touched humanity with her most terrible forces; she had blotted out a city in the twinkling of an eye; she had breathed a breath of fire and suffocating gases upon 35,000 or 40,000 people and withered them in their tracks; she had left many thousands more homeless, terror-stricken, suffering for food. In many parts of the world deeply-stirred sympathy brought quick moves toward succor, but nowhere was the movement so prompt or so efficacious as in the United States.

It was at eight o'clock Thursday morning, May 8, that the flame of fire from Mt. Pelee descended upon St. Pierre in Martinique. Friday morning's newspapers contained only brief despatches concerning the great disaster. Saturday morning fuller details were received, and then for the first time the people of the world realized the magnitude, the wellnigh unparalleled scope and destruction of the catastrophe. That very day the Senate of the United States passed a bill appropriating \$100,000 to aid the stricken community. That very day, too, President Roosevelt sent for government officials and began making preparations for the work of relief. Despatches were sent to naval stations, diplomatic and consular officers, and others, seeking information as to the means of conveying to Martinique most expeditiously the supplies which the government was making ready to forward. The President was proceeding upon the assumption that although only one branch of Congress had acted upon the appropriation bill the other branch would surely follow. He proceeded also upon the theory that whatever was worth doing at all was worth doing quickly; that every hour was valuable, and that not a moment's time should be lost in extending our helping hand to the suffering people. Both Saturday and Sunday were days of great activity at the White House. President Roosevelt, as is well known, habitually makes the Sabbath a day of rest, but this Sunday was a day of labor in the cause of humanity. Many officials were called to the White House for consultation, and by nightfall plans were well in hand. The big naval ocean-tug *Polomac* was authorized to steam at full speed from Santo Domingo to Martinique, and she was the first relief ship to arrive there, except those sent from the neighboring islands. The cruiser *Cincinnati* was also authorized to sail from San Juan, Porto Rico, and she reached the scene of disaster in time to be of great assistance to the authorities of the stricken islands. The collier *Sterling* was despatched from San Juan Tuesday night with the following cargo:

Subsistence stores in pounds: 21,000 flour and hard bread, 3,000 beans, 3,000 rice, 5,000 bacon, 1,000 milk, 2,000 coffee, 5,000 sugar, 2,200 codfish and salmon, and 500 salt. Quartermaster's supplies: 100 blankets, 3,250 blouses and coats, 1,200 hats, 11,000 shirts, 10,000 drawers, 2,000 shoes, 5,000 stockings, 8,000 trousers.

All three of these ships have since been reported at St. Pierre, Fort de France or St. Lucia, distributing supplies and aiding the local authorities.

A CASE OF "HUSTLE"

By Monday morning all the machinery of the American government was in motion. With characteristic energy and promptness, under the leadership of President Roosevelt, every department was bending its energies to the work of relief. If the United States had been threatened with invasion by foreign fleets or enemies, or if the disaster had been to our own people, the action of our government could not have been more swift or thorough. That day the President sent to Congress a special message briefly reciting the awful news that had come from our neighboring islands, and recommending an appropriation of \$500,000 for relief. Congress immediately responded by amending the bill which the Senate had passed on Saturday so that it carried an appropriation of \$200,000 instead of \$100,000, and the understanding was that if this \$200,000 should prove insufficient the whole sum recommended by the President would be promptly voted. In the Senate not a voice was raised against the appropriation; in the House of Representatives there was but brief discussion, and only nine men out of 350 answered in the negative when their names were called, these nine basing their action upon constitutional grounds.

President Roosevelt laid aside all other work and devoted himself wholly to the errand of mercy. He slashed red tape right and left. Even before Congress had voted the money he had all the departments in action. When warned by some of his advisers that he had no legal warrant for expending a cent of public money till the National Legislature had given the necessary authority, the President replied that he was not spending money, only getting ready to spend it, and that he had no fear of a refusal on the part of Congress to co-operate. Under his instructions Secretary of State Hay addressed this communication to the Secretaries of War, Navy and Treasury:

"The President directs me to express to you his wish that your department go to the furthest limits of executive discretion in the work of relief and rescue in the afflicted islands of the Caribbean."

The President had been moved to take this action by receipt of the following despatch from Consul Ayme, stationed at Guadeloupe, who, under an instruction from Secretary Hay, had made personal investigation of conditions in Martinique:

"The disaster is complete. The city is wiped out. Consul Prentiss and his family are dead. The Governor says that thirty thousand have perished and fifty thousand are homeless and hungry. He suggests that the Red Cross be asked to send codfish, flour, beans, rice, salt meats, and biscuits as quickly as possible. Visit of war vessels valuable."

Receipt of the President's instruction was followed by immediate activity on the part of the War, Navy and Treasury officials. By direction of Secretary Root, Major-General Corbin sent a letter to Brigadier-General Ludington, Quartermaster-General, and Surgeon-General Sternberg, directing them

to "make all necessary preparations to accomplish the provisions of the relief bill pending in Congress without delay, in case it shall become a law; and the Quartermaster-General, Commissary-General and Surgeon General will designate an officer from each department to hold informal meetings and arrange suitable allotments of stores of their several departments that will best meet the needed relief."

In anticipation of the despatch of supplies, Brigadier-General Weston had telephoned on Saturday to Lieutenant-Colonel Brainard, one of the heroes of the Greely Arctic expedition and commissary officer at New York, to make preparations for assembling large quantities of stores. As soon as Congress had removed all legal difficulties by passing the appropriation bill telegraphic instructions were sent to that officer to purchase seventy thousand dollars worth of rice, codfish, tea, coffee, sugar, canned chicken soup, hard bread, bacon, and small quantities of salt, pepper and vinegar and condensed cream.

General Weston said: "The supplies ordered to be shipped will last fifty thousand people twenty days, within which time additional food can reach the island."

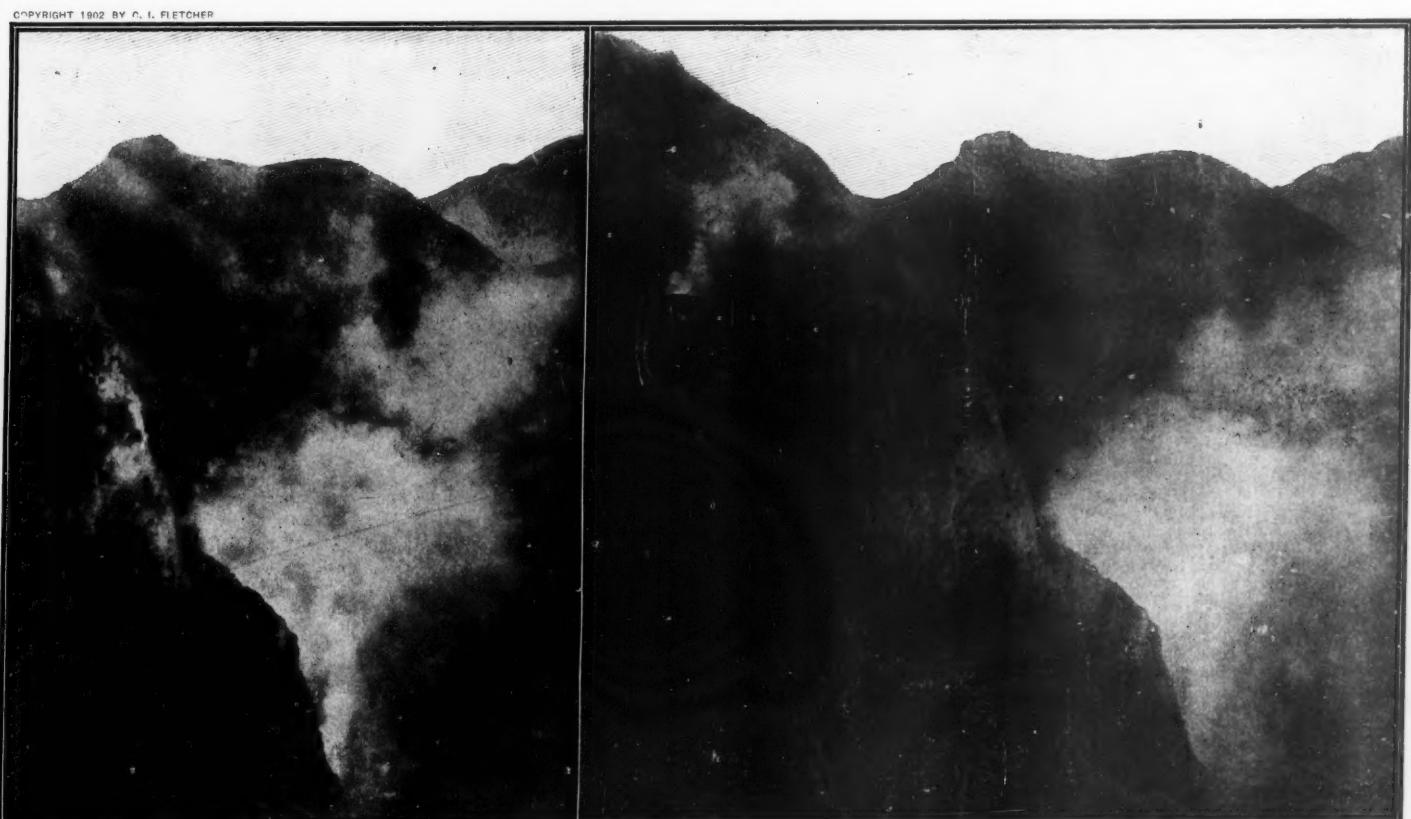
MAKING MONEY FLY

Major H. J. Gallagher, who was chief commissary officer of the China relief expedition, was ordered to take charge of the distribution of the supplies, and he was allotted \$5,000 to pay for transportation and other expenses. Quartermaster-General Ludington ordered \$20,000 worth of clothing, and Surgeon-General Sternberg purchased \$5,000 worth of medical stores. A complete hospital service was forwarded by the *Dixie*, and it has since been put to noble use on the island of Martinique. In charge of the hospital are Captain J. B. Clayton, surgeon, from Fort Myer; First Lieutenants James R. Church, assistant surgeon, from Washington Barracks, and John J. Reilly, assistant surgeon, from Fort Slocum, New York, with two non-commissioned officers and four privates of the army hospital corps. They have tents, instruments, and \$5,000 worth of medicines, bandages, ointments and medical supplies generally.

Among the quartermaster's supplies sent by the *Dixie* were about 600 tents, suitable clothing for men, women and children, and camp equipage, such as axes, shovels, kettles, frying pans and cooking utensils.

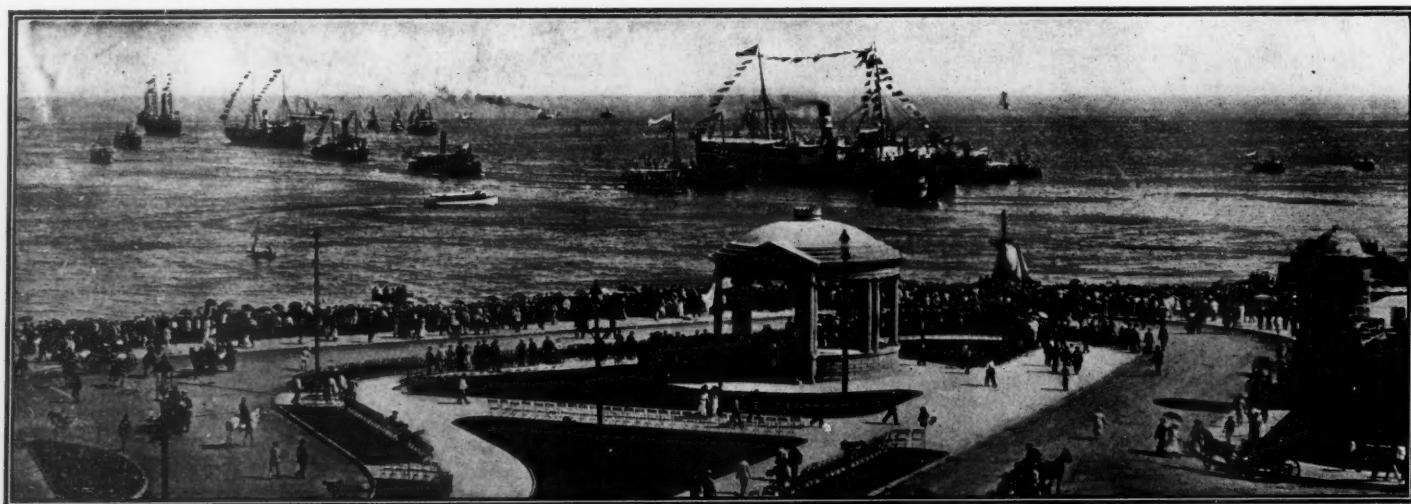
Touched by the reports from Martinique that drinking water was scarce on account of the mantle of ashes, lava and sulphur dust which had covered the island, Admiral Bradford made preparations to forward at once from Key West the naval tug *Osceola*, towing a barge laden with 175,000 gallons of distilled water. At Norfolk he had another barge with 400,000 gallons of water ready for immediate departure. Had it been necessary the United States Government was thus prepared to send the sufferers not only food, clothing, medical attendance and hospitals, but pure water to drink. Fortunately later news indicated that water supplies were not needed.

No less energetic than the other departments, the Treasury



TWO VIEWS OF THE CRATER OF MT. PELEE IN ERUPTION, SHOWING THE SMOLDERING SOURCE OF THE DESTRUCTION OF ST. PIERRE ON THE ISLAND OF MARTINIQUE AND THE DEATH OF FORTY THOUSAND PEOPLE, INHABITANTS OF ST. PIERRE AND VICINITY

PRESIDENT PALMA'S RECEPTION AT HAVANA



The Steamer "Julia," bearing President Palma, entering the Harbor of Havana, May 11, at 9 A.M.



President Palma (1) and Party received by General Wood (2) and Staff at the Palace in Havana on Cuban Inauguration Day, May 20

officials strained all their energies to co-operating with the War and Navy for the prompt relief of the sufferers of the islands. The Secretary of the Treasury, immediately upon the receipt of the note of the Secretary of State, requested the heads of the revenue cutter, navigation bureau and marine hospital service to report at once what aid could be given.

Revenue cutters at Wilmington, N. C., Baltimore, Md., and New York City were ordered coaled and prepared for sea. The captains of all of the little vessels were instructed to get aboard all the rations they could carry and proceed at the earliest moment for Fort de France. Some of the red tape was knotted and hard to cut, but there was no halting. Before the close of the department day every vessel was hurrying preparations for sea, and the captain of one reported that he would proceed to sea that night.

Every division of the Treasury Department that could offer aid tendered the best it had and promptly. Before the day was over it was found that the Secretary of War had all the work of relief well in hand, and as his department was the natural one for the collection and distribution of large amounts of food and clothing the Secretary of the Treasury tendered all the resources of his department to Secretary Root. Until it was found that the revenue cutters would not be needed they were kept under orders to sail at a moment's notice. Had the necessity for their use been apparent the revenue cutters would have been among the first to reach the desolated islands.

Meanwhile the New York Chamber of Commerce and other commercial bodies were at work raising funds and securing donations of supplies. Great was the activity at the Brooklyn pier where the auxiliary cruiser *Dixie* was being prepared for her voyage to Martinique. Streams of supplies were pouring in there, and in less than thirty hours, through the extraordinary diligence and industry of the Quartermaster's Department in the Army Building, and the intelligent and well-directed efforts of Major D. L. Brainerd and Major Von Schrader, the ship was laden to her full capacity with 1,220 tons of provisions, clothing, medicine, tents, etc.

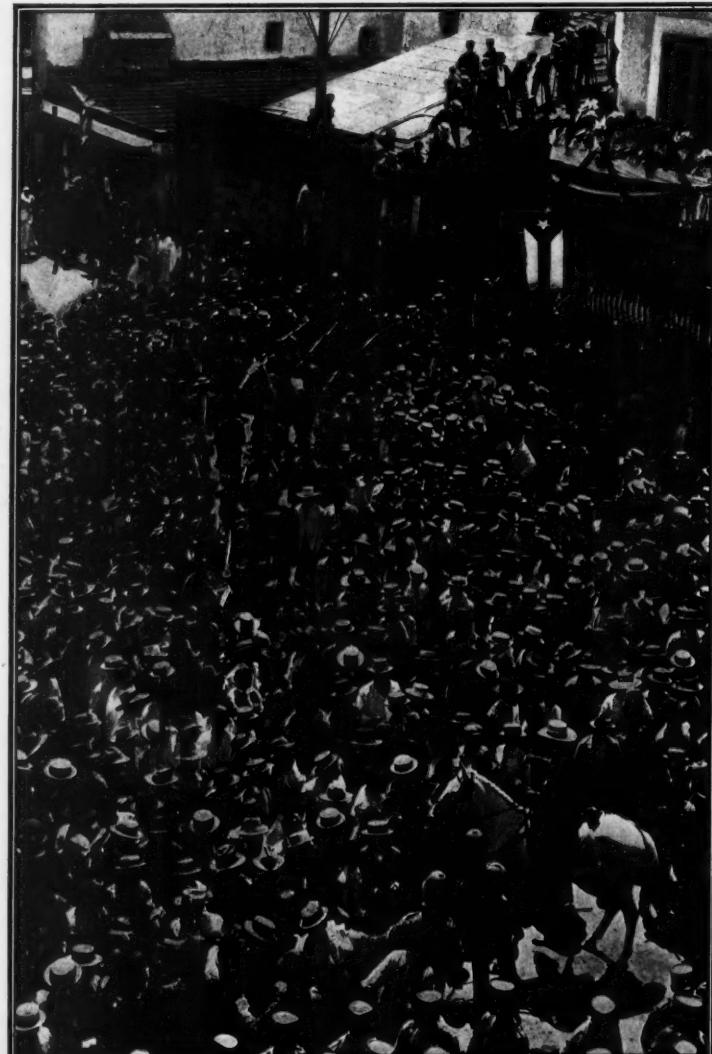
SOME STAGGERING FIGURES

At 9:30 o'clock Wednesday night, May 14, the cruiser was started on her errand of mercy, with the "God-speed" of millions of Americans who had carefully watched the preparations for her despatch, and who are proud that they have a government which

can with such promptness rise to meet all emergencies. Within less than a week from the hour Mt. Pelee belched forth its destructive torrent the United States had despatched four relief ships, the last one carrying, in addition to a large party of scientists bent upon investigating the natural phenomena connected with the disaster, 900,000 pounds of rice, 200,000 pounds of coffee, 200,000 pounds of bread, 85,000 pounds of flour, 200 cases of soup, 100 cases of condensed milk, 4,000 balbriggan shirts, 2,000 blouses, 1,000 flannel shirts, 1,000 summer coats and trousers, 6,000 shoes, 500 common tents, 1,000 axes and hatchets, and \$5,000 worth of medicines. The *Dixie* has since been reported at Fort de France, where her supplies and the ministrations of her officers and men have greatly aided and encouraged the unhappy people of Martinique.

On Tuesday President Roosevelt issued through the newspapers an announcement that he had appointed a national committee, composed of eminent citizens residing in various parts of the country, to receive subscriptions. He also appealed to the American people to give to the relief fund, Hon. Cornelius Bliss, treasurer of the New York committee, being designated to receive all money offered throughout the country. This action of the President met with hearty response, and so much money was raised that by the 19th inst. the President was compelled to inform the public that no more subscriptions were needed. It is probable that all the funds now in hand will be used in the relief work, though in such affairs it is always better to have too much rather than not enough.

It is not surprising that the splendid manner in which the American Government met the necessities of the situation has aroused the admiration of the world. Our government has received the thanks of the President of the French Republic, and in both Paris and London questions have been asked by the newspapers or in parliament why the governments of France and of Great Britain, both of whom own islands in which the volcanoes have destroyed life and property, Martinique being French and St. Vincent British, could not have done as well as the American Republic. Probably the people of the United States care little for this praise, and are not at all concerned with the criticism passed upon other governments; it is simply a satisfaction to all Americans to know that in the presence of this appalling calamity the government and the people of the United States did their duty with most admirable promptness and generosity.



Glorious Times in Havana on the Coming of Palma!—Cubans accompanying the Triumphal Procession

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN IN FLORIDA

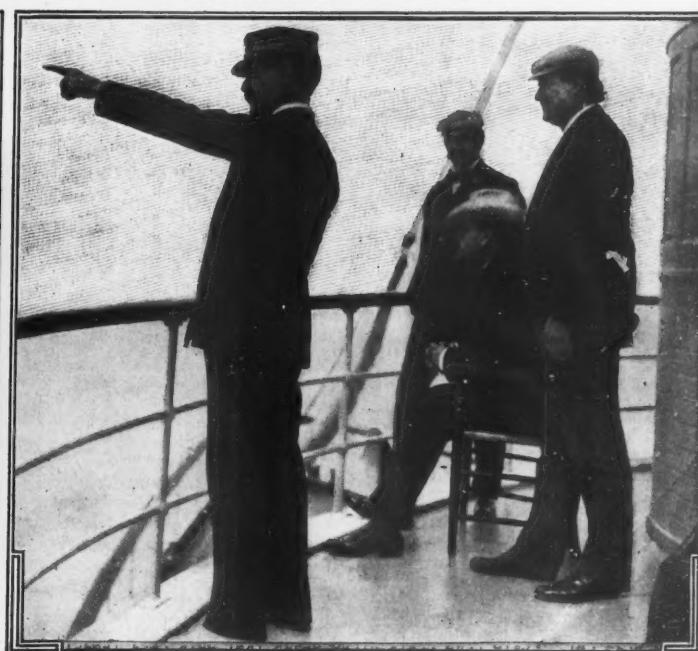
PICTURES BY OUR STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER, JAMES H. HARE



Mr. Bryan (1), Governor Jennings of Florida (2) and Members of the Official Party. Posed for our Photographer just before departing for Cuba



Mr. Bryan and Governor Jennings on the Levee



"Key West is in Sight"

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT BRYAN ON HIS WAY TO HAVANA TO REPRESENT COLLIER'S WEEKLY AT THE INSTALLATION OF TOMAS ESTRADA PALMA AS FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE CUBAN REPUBLIC

IT IS A MEMORABLE EVENT, the visit made by William Jennings Bryan, leader of the 6,000,000 Democratic voters of this Republic and twice their standard bearer in Presidential campaigns, to Tomas Estrada Palma, the first President of the new Democracy of Cuba, which has finally won its place among the republics of the world. Mr. Bryan is admitted to be the most prominent citizen of the United States. He is popular in the same way, and largely for the same reasons, that made Lincoln and Jefferson popular—his close friendly touch with the "plain people" and his eloquent expression of their faith and principles. President Palma stands in the same attitude to the people of his own country.

Mr. Bryan has another claim upon the friendship of Cuba, which makes his visit still more appropriate. He was one of the most enthusiastic advocates of freedom in Cuba, and went to the extent of volunteering to fight her battles in the field against Spain. For some time prior to his visit to Cuba, Mr. Bryan was engaged in editing the "Commoner" in Lincoln, Neb., and in making occasional speeches in different parts of the country. For several weeks immediately before his departure he made a tour of the South, addressing enormous crowds in the largest cities of that section. In Florida, especially, he received an ovation such as is granted only to military conquerors or great public benefactors.

It was inevitable that when COLLIER's wanted to send to Havana, Cuba, a man thoroughly fitted by reason of his ability and position to record and wisely comment upon the great transformation scenes in that island, it should select Mr. Bryan. No other man in the world could so fully and so appropriately report to the people of the Republic of the United States the simple but sublime spectacle of the birth of a new republic in the Western Hemisphere. Mr. Bryan went to Jacksonville, Fla., in the middle of May, where he was joined by the corps of correspondents and photographers which COLLIER's had sent to Cuba to report the inauguration ceremonies and the scenes incident to the installation of the republican government. From that point he went to Miami, in the extreme south of Florida—a port, by the way, made notable by the Cuban war, and where Colonel Bryan was once stationed with his regiment. His progress through the State was a triumphal procession. At Miami, the occa-

sion of his departure was made noteworthy by farewell ceremonies on the part of the citizens and State officials. Mr. Bryan was accompanied to Cuba by Governor Jennings of Florida and an official party.

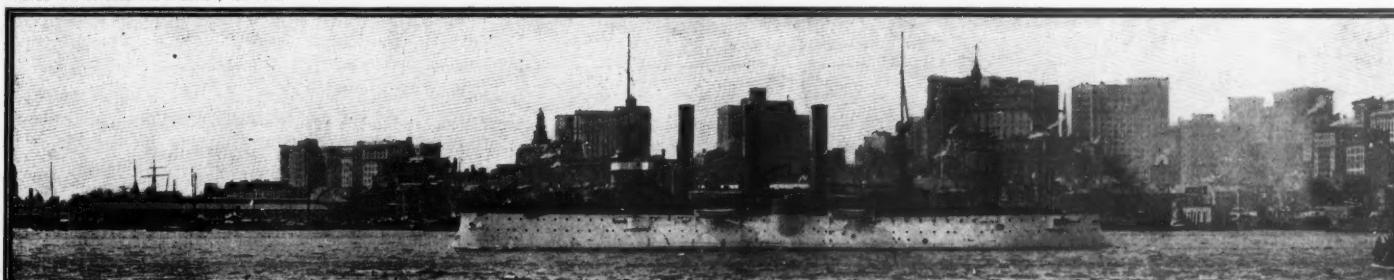
Mr. Bryan left Miami on Monday, May 12. Immediately upon arriving in Cuba he paid his respects to Governor-General Leonard Wood and to President-elect Palma, by both of whom he was received with distinguished courtesy and respect. On the 14th he held a long conference with General Wood, and, later in the same day, with Señor San Miguel, editor of the famous "La Lucha," and with President Palma.

During his stay in Cuba Mr. Bryan was accorded every facility that the government could place at his disposal to witness the most striking and stirring scene in the change from military to civil administration, and to observe, as only such a trained student of human nature can, the sentiments and characteristics of the Cuban people. He is thoroughly conversant with the Cuban situation in all its phases, having studied it in war times, when he did military duty at the head of his regiment. Our readers may be certain, therefore, that they will get from Mr. Bryan's pen the fullest, most adequate, most intimate and best account of an event that will be remarkable in the history of all time.

The first of Mr. Bryan's articles will be published in the next issue and will be devoted to the scenes of the inauguration in Havana. This mission of the distinguished leader of the Democratic party of the United States to Cuba as a special commissioner of COLLIER'S WEEKLY, to give to the people of this country a well-reasoned and appreciative account of a memorable event marks a new epoch in illustrative journalism. It is the first instance of the kind on record.

The ceremonies in Cuba have been considered so important by the American Government that the fine cruiser "Brooklyn," the flagship at the battle of Santiago, was ordered to Havana as a special mark of the respect and interest of the Administration; then to convey General Wood back to the United States. Of course, one of the most interesting features in the birth of the new republic will be the movement of the American troops, and these will be fully described by Mr. Bryan.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LEGENDRE & LEVICK, NEW YORK



The United States Cruiser "Brooklyn" leaving New York for Havana to represent the Navy at the Inauguration of President Palma

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, PRESIDENT



The first picture of President Roosevelt taken at his desk; his best and favorite photograph. Taken expressly for Collier's Weekly and copyrighted 1902 by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.

"All those of us who work for good government are watching with interest to see that President Roosevelt maintains his resolutions in regard to the strenuous life of outdoor sport. The welfare of this country is in no small measure dependent upon the sane judgment exercised a hundred times a day by the President. The basis of this good judgment is nerves; and nerves are kept strong by a big daily dose of fresh air. Therefore, when we are giving thanks for a President who has capacity for much work let us not forget to give thanks also for the man who keeps body and brain in healthy equipoise. A man is the better President for being a good sportsman. . . . Roosevelt, the Kaiser, and Kipling are all three overrun with demands upon their attention, and each, if he had a hundred hours to the day, could not begin to do the work he would like to do. Each therefore arbitrarily marks off certain hours for strenuous exercise, and all agree that the time so spent is not the least precious of their respective days. . . . The chief concern in life of each is to be a sound physical animal, and a cheery one."—(See next page)

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, SPORTSMAN



President Roosevelt on his favorite mount. Photographed expressly for Collier's Weekly and copyrighted 1902 by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.

"If Theodore Roosevelt had never written a line, or opened his mouth in praise of the strenuous life, his record would nevertheless be an eloquent testimony to the value of outdoor sport. He is a splendid missionary among those who are yet unconverted to the gospel of hard play as well as hard work. No man ever injured himself by working too much, but I have known hundreds who did not play hard enough. . . . Roosevelt has the sanity of the few who appreciate the importance of health, and therefore he deliberately keeps himself in training, not for a single struggle, but for a lifetime.

He strongly resembles the German Emperor—and Kipling—in this matter. . . . On one occasion I saw the Emperor ride smoothly over a series of ditches which unhorsed many of his generals who attempted to follow. Roosevelt could drop several of our generals off the active list if he followed the Emperor's example in this matter. He, like the Kaiser, pursues sport as a means to an important end. . . . He is to-day, like the ruler of Germany, an excellent horseman as well as shot with the rifle."—(See next page)

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT

PRESIDENT AND SPORTSMAN

By POULTNEY BIGELOW

Author of "White Man's Africa," "Children of the Nations," Etc.

(SEE PAGES 8 AND 9)



IF THEODORE ROOSEVELT had never written a line or opened his mouth in praise of the strenuous life, his personal record would nevertheless be an eloquent testimony to the value of outdoor sport. He is a splendid missionary among those who are yet unconverted to the gospel of hard play as well as hard work. No man ever injured himself by working too much, but I have known hundreds who did not play hard enough.

If we study the lives of great men we discover that their greatness was due in large measure to the physical vitality which they communicated to their followers. The storing of this vitality is the duty of every man in training for the battle of life.

It makes the sane man sad to see millions squandered on ladies while the children of the poor in New York have to grow up in the gutters, for want of open spaces where they may romp about after the fashion of our ancestors. It is getting rapidly so that only the rich can indulge in the privilege of stretching their muscles—but this is a digression.

Roosevelt has the sanity of the few who appreciate the importance of health, and therefore he deliberately keeps himself in training, not for a single struggle this or next month, but for a lifetime. He strongly resembles the German Emperor—and Kipling—in this matter. All three appreciate the great life work that is before them. Each has inherited a delicate, nervous organism joined with great muscular strength, and each acts on the principle that no work is worth much that is not done when the body is at its best.

Kipling, when last I saw him a few weeks ago, was apparently interested in nothing but training the farmers of his neighborhood to become good soldiers. His neighbors thought of him mainly as a man who loved to tramp about in rough boots and knickerbockers—who might occasionally sit down and write something—but whose chief concern in life was to be a sound physical animal, and a cheery one as well.

Roosevelt, like the Kaiser and Kipling are all three overrun with demands upon their attention, and each, if he had a hundred hours to the day, could not begin to do the work he would like to do. Each, therefore, arbitrarily marks off certain hours for strenuous exercise and all agree that the time so spent is not the least precious of their respective days.

Roosevelt, like the Kaiser, pursued sport as a means to an important end. He has, from childhood, shown decided preference for the sports of the soldier, and he is to-day, like the ruler of Germany, an excellent horseman as well as shot with the rifle.

And it must seem strange that both these men have excelled in sport for which no trainer would have selected them. Roosevelt has imperfect eyesight, yet he has ridden to hounds with the boldest fox-hunters on both sides of the ocean, and with his rifle he has held his own in the Rocky Mountains side by side with crack frontiersmen.

William II, has but one perfect arm, yet with that alone he can do more different kinds of things than most of us with the two. His vision is that of an eagle, but if any of you have tried to shoot the rifle with one arm alone you will appreciate what it means to be a good shot under such a handicap. He is very fond of shooting, and riding is second nature—in spite of the fact that he has but the one hand for his sword and for the reins as well.

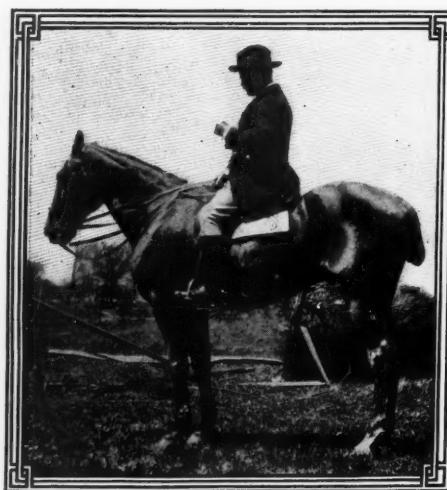
On one occasion I saw the Emperor ride smoothly over a series of ditches which unhorsted many of his officers who attempted to follow. Roosevelt could drop several of our

generals off the active list if he followed the Emperor's example in this matter.

My acquaintance with Theodore Roosevelt dates from about 1879, when both of us returned from college to take up the study of law in New York. At that time I do not believe he ever knew what it was to have an idle hour on his hands. Society, in the ordinary sense of the term, bored him. He was never without some absorbing topic, some book that he was devouring. He would disappear mysteriously in the course of a social affair, and was sure to be found in a distant corner immersed in some historical or biographical work. Whenever we met out of work hours there ensued generally some form of scuffle involving boxing or wrestling, leaping, tennis, pillow-fighting, the tearing of garments or the demolition of furniture. His was a nature that had to find vent in some form of physical explosion.

There is not a sport in which Roosevelt has not taken a part, and played it well. I cannot say that he has ever been a world's champion in any direction of athletics, but if he has not it is merely because he has not placed that as the goal of a sane man's ambition.

During his law-school days and before he went to the New York State Legislature, his mind was full of schemes for going West and leading a savage life among the cowboys and Indians and grizzly bears on the great cattle ranges; and when he realized this ambition and bought a ranch and



lost a lot of money by the venture, he yet would grow eloquent over the magnificent life that persisted in that far-away part of the country. Fifteen years before the Spanish war he painted to me in gorgeous colors the glory of going to war with a regiment of cowboys from the plains.

The life of sport which Roosevelt had cultivated stood him in good stead during the war, for it enabled him to meet successfully the hundreds of little difficulties which might have discouraged the average soldier intrusted with a command of fresh recruits on the very eve of hostilities.

When I have said that Roosevelt's tastes are infinite, that he loves every manly outdoor sport, it would seem almost waste of time to go into detail. He loves the horse in every class—the bronco of the plains, the thoroughbred, the hunter. There is nothing that he does not delight to ride, whether in a game of polo or across the fences on a big-boned steeplechaser. If there were any elephants or camels in the neighborhood, Roosevelt would not rest easy until he had learned every trick connected with their subjection.

His home being on salt water, having been brought up to the sea in a sense, it is not surprising that he should have experimented with matters nautical, that he should early have mastered the principles of seamanship and have fitted himself somewhat for writing his "History of the Naval War of 1812." Roosevelt loves the sea, but the land offers him more effective means of exercising his muscles. The man who takes to yachting must love the sea and nothing else. He must also have plenty of time, must be prepared to hang about for weary days in a calm and not lose his temper. This sort of thing would not suit Roosevelt.

Of course, you answer, "What is the matter with steam yachting?" I answer that steam yachting is not a sport in the Roosevelt sense. It has its good uses for those who can afford to spend fifty thousand to one hundred thousand dollars a year on this one item, but there is no sport in it that can for a minute compare with handling a sailing yacht in a gale of wind and a cross sea.

Roosevelt to-day embodies the spirit of clean, manly sport. The old notion was that sport was mainly a struggle for a prize—a mug or a sum of money. The prize which Roosevelt holds up is the happiness of having been in an honorable struggle and having, in that struggle, strengthened our bodies and refreshed our spirits against the mental work of the day.

We run too much to extremes in our colleges. We sacri-

fice much to equip a single crew or football team; and some of our faculties hug the delusion that students are attracted by the college that scores the highest on the athletic field.

President Eliot has proven that, in the case of Roosevelt's university at least, athletics have exerted no influence upon the fluctuation in the number of students.

Our universities could unite in a good work by insisting upon athletic exercise of some sort as a necessary part of a student's curriculum. So far, West Point and Annapolis are the only institutions of this country that are run on the principle that a man's body has any importance in the eyes of the faculty, and the result is that these two institutions turn out, year after year, a class of man superior in all respects to the average graduate of our universities. They are not only well equipped for the profession of arms, but when they step over into civil life they show that the qualities which make a successful officer are akin to those which command success in other walks of life.

Roosevelt will not have lived in vain if he but draw the attention of our college faculties to the one-sided education under which most of our young men now suffer. What good is it to me if I graduate at the head of my class and in the year following develop some chronic disease which leaves me an invalid for the rest of my life? Plenty of men cram through their four years for the mere purpose of securing good marks.

These men are apt to be selected by the college faculties as tutors. These are the men who are recommended as teachers to other schools. At Yale in my time the tutors were, for the most part, men whose only recommendation was that they had been successfully crammed with dead knowledge. They were very poor teachers for the most part, monstrously conceited, men who have promptly sunk to the bottom when left to compete with the conditions of real life.

The men of the Roosevelt stamp are usually found at the bottom of the class, at least in institutions run on the old-fashioned plan. The German Emperor was, I am happy to recall, also anything but a slow pupil when at school. Both of these men love study for the sake of knowledge, they thirst for information, they seek to master a subject by reading all about it. But most of our colleges had no sympathy for that sort of student. The faculty marked off so many lines a day that had to be learned and recited, and the hours were arranged in the manner best calculated to prevent a student from indulging any taste for reading.

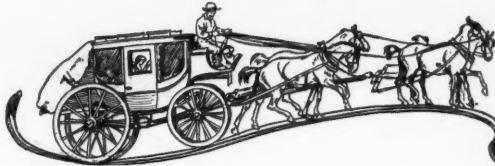
The first thing which the Emperor of Germany did when he came to the throne was to curtail the tyranny of the German teacher, who had hitherto regarded the pupil as a bag into which he was expected to cram as much literary stuff as was consistent with the child remaining on the outside of an idiot asylum. No interest was taken in the matter of physical recreation; so little that it might be ignored. Roosevelt entered college at a time when the same spirit prevailed over the main portion of the United States, and no one knows better than he the mischief that is done among students by having all the honors carried away by the anemic, dyspeptic, flat-chested, pie-crusty individuals. This is unjust to the live men of the class, the strong, self-reliant, honest men who are cut out for leadership. These are condemned to academic insignificance merely because they refuse to cram and prefer to lead a healthy, manly life.

All those of us who work for good government are watching with interest to see that President Roosevelt maintains his resolutions in regard to the strenuous life of outdoor sport. The welfare of this country is in no small measure dependent upon the same judgment exercised a hundred times a day by our President. The basis of this good judgment is nerves; and nerves are kept strong by a big daily dose of fresh air. Therefore, when we are giving thanks for a President who has capacity for much work let us not forget to give thanks also for the man who keeps body and brain in healthy equipoise. A man is the better President for being a good sportsman.



RANSON'S

By RICHARD

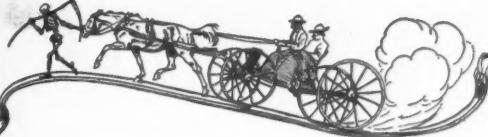


Decoration by Edward Penfield



FOLLY

HARDING DAVIS



Illustrations by Frederic Remington

PART IV

SYNOPSIS OF PARTS I, II and III

For the sake of diversion from the dull routine of a Western fort, Lieutenant Ranson, one of the officers engages, against the advice of his comrades, to hold up the Fort Crockett stage with a pair of shears, in a disguise imitating that of the "Red Rider," a notorious but evasive highwayman. Afterward Cahill, the post trader (who has a pretty daughter), mysteriously rides out alone in the direction from which the army paymaster, with his treasure, is expected to come. Ranson carries out his plan successfully, though a young lady in the stage coach shows herself incredulous as to his pretended personality. In the meantime the paymaster has been stopped and robbed, and some shooting takes place. Ranson, returning home, is arrested for the crime involved in the assault upon the paymaster. After the hold-up Cahill carries a bandaged hand. He tells his daughter he has met with an accident while handling a revolver. She visits Ranson in his place of confinement. Her loyalty moves Ranson, and they mutually declare their love. Later Cahill visits Ranson at the latter's request and says a pony bit his hand. During this interview Miss Cahill comes in and joyfully announces that she has discovered evidence involving another in the hold-up Ranson is accused of.

RANSON moved a chair toward Miss Cahill and, as he did so, looked full into her face with such love and happiness that she turned her eyes away.

"Well?" asked Cahill.

"I must first explain to Lieutenant Ranson, father," said his daughter, "that to-day is the day we take account of stock."

"Speaking of stock," said Ranson, "don't forget that I owe you for a red kerchief and a rubber poncho. You can have them back, if you like. I won't need a rain-coat where I am going."

"Don't," said Miss Cahill. "Please let me go on. After I brought you your breakfast here, I couldn't begin to work just at once. I was thinking about—something else. Every one was talking of you—your arrest, and I couldn't settle down to take account of stock." She threw a look at Ranson which asked for his sympathy. "But when I did start I began with the ponchos and the red kerchiefs, and then I found out something."

Cahill was regarding his daughter in strange distress, but Ranson appeared indifferent to her words, and intent only on the light and beauty in her face. But he asked, smiling. "And that was?"

"You see," continued Miss Cahill eagerly, "I always keep a dozen of each article, and as each one is sold I check it off in my day-book. Yesterday Mrs. Bolland bought a poncho for the colonel. That left eleven ponchos. Then a few minutes later I gave Lightfoot a red kerchief for his squaw. That left eleven kerchiefs."

"Stop!" cried Ranson. "Miss Cahill," he began severely, "I hope you do not mean to throw suspicion on the wife of my respected colonel, or on Mrs. Lightfoot, 'the Prairie Flower.' Those ladies are my personal friends; I refuse to believe them guilty. And have you ever seen Mrs. Bolland on horseback? You wrong her. It is impossible."

"Please," begged Miss Cahill, "please let me explain. When you went to hold up the stage you took a poncho and a kerchief. That should have left ten of each. But when I counted them this morning there were nine red kerchiefs and nine ponchos."

Ranson slapped his knee sharply. "Good!" he said. "That is interesting."

"What does it prove?" demanded Cahill.

"It proves nothing, or it proves everything," said Miss Cahill. "To my mind it proves without any doubt that some one overheard Mr. Ranson's plan, that he dressed like him to throw suspicion on him, and that this second person was the one who robbed the paymaster. Now, father, this is where you can help us. You were there then. Try to remember. It is so important. Who came into the store after the others had gone away?"

Cahill tossed his head like an angry bull.

"There are fifty places in this post," he protested roughly, "where a man can get a poncho. Every trooper owns his slicker."

"But, father, we don't know that theirs are missing," cried Miss Cahill, "and we do know that those in our store are. Don't think I am foolish. It seemed such an important fact to me, and I had hoped it would help."

"It does help—immensely!" cried Ranson. "I think it's a splendid clue. But, unfortunately, I don't think we can prove anything by your father, for he's just been telling me that there was no one in the place but himself. No one came in, and he was quite alone—." Ranson had begun speaking eagerly, but either his own words or the intentness with which Cahill received them caused him to halt and hesitate—"absolutely—alone."

"You see," said Cahill thickly, "as soon as they had gone I rode to the Indian village."

"Why, no, father," corrected Miss Cahill. "Don't you remember, you told me last night that when you reached Lightfoot's tent I had just gone. That was quite two hours after the others left the store." In her earnestness Miss Cahill had placed her hand upon her father's arm and clutched it eagerly. "And you remember no one coming in before you left?" she asked. "No one?"

Cahill had not placed the bandaged hand in his pocket, but had shoved it inside the opening of his coat. As Mary Cahill caught his arm her fingers sank into the palm of the hand and he gave a slight grimace of pain.

"Oh, father," Miss Cahill cried, "your hand! I am so sorry. Did I hurt it? Please—let me see."

Cahill drew back with sudden violence.

"No!" he cried. "Leave it alone! Come, we must be going." But Miss Cahill held the wounded hand in both her own. When she turned her eyes to Ranson they were filled with tender concern.

"I hurt him," she said reproachfully. "He shot himself last night with one of those new cylinder revolvers."

Her father snatched the hand from her. He tried to drown her voice by a sudden movement toward the door. "Come!" he called. "Do you hear me?"

But his daughter in her sympathy continued. "He was holding it so," she said, "and it went off, and the bullet passed through here." She laid the tip of a slim white finger on the palm of her right hand.

"The bullet!" cried Ranson. He repeated dully, "The bullet!"

There was a sudden tense silence. Outside they could hear the crunch of the sentry's heel in the gravel, and from the baseball field back of the barracks the soft spring air was rent with the jubilant crack of the bat as it drove the ball. Afterward Ranson remembered that while one-half of his brain was terribly acute to the moment, the other was wondering whether the runner had made his base. It seemed an interminable time before Ranson raised his eyes from Miss Cahill's palm to her father's face. What he read in them caused Cahill to drop his hand swiftly to his hip.

Ranson saw the gesture and threw out both his hands. He gave a hysterical laugh, strangely boyish and immature, and ran to place himself between Cahill and the door. "Drop it!" he whispered.

"My God, man!" he entreated, "don't make a fool of yourself. Mr. Cahill," he cried aloud, "you can't go till you know. Can he, Mary? Yes, Mary." The tone in which he repeated the name was proprietary and commanding. He took her hand. "Mr. Cahill," he said joyously, "we've got something to tell you. I want you to understand that in spite of all I've done—I say in spite of all I've done—I mean getting into this trouble and disgrace, and all that—I've dared to ask your daughter to marry me. He turned and led Miss Cahill swiftly toward the veranda.

"Oh, I knew he wouldn't like it," he cried. "You see. I told you so. You've got to let me talk to him alone. You go outside and wait. I can talk better when you are not here. I'll soon bring him around."

"Father," pleaded Miss Cahill timidly. From behind her back Ranson shook his head at the post trader in violent pantomime. "She'd better go outside and wait, hadn't she, Mr. Cahill?" he directed.

As he was bidden, the post trader raised his head and nodded toward the door. The onslaught of sudden and new conditions overwhelmed and paralyzed him.

"Father!" said Miss Cahill, "it isn't just as you think. Mr. Ranson did ask me to marry him—in a way—. At least, I knew what he meant. But I did not say—in a way—that I would marry him. I mean it was not settled, or I would have told you. You mustn't think I would have left you out of this—of my happiness, you who have done everything to make me happy."

She reproached her father with her eyes fastened on his face. His own were stern, fixed and miserable. "You will let it be, won't you, father?" she begged. "It—it means so much. I—can't tell you—." She threw out her hand toward Ranson as though designating a superior being. "Why, I can't tell him. But if you are harsh with him or with me it will break my heart. For as I love you, father, I love him—and it has got to be. It must be. For I love him so. I have always loved him. Father," she whispered, "I love him so."

Ranson, humbly, gratefully, took the girl's hand and led her gently to the veranda and closed the door upon her. Then he came down the room and regarded his prospective father-in-law with an expression of amused exasperation. He thrust his hands deep into the pockets of his riding-breeches and nodded his head. "Well," he exclaimed, "you've made a damned pretty mess of it, haven't you?"

Cahill had sunk heavily into a chair and was staring at Ranson with the stupid, wondering gaze of a dumb animal in pain.

During the moments in which the two men eyed each other Ranson's smile disappeared. Cahill raised himself slowly as though with a great effort.

"I done it," said Cahill, "for her. I done it to make her happy."

"That's all right," said Ranson briskly. "She's going to be happy. We're all going to be happy."

"An all I did," Cahill continued, as though unconscious of the interruption, "was to disgrace her." He rose suddenly to his feet. His mental sufferings were so keen that his huge body trembled. He recognized how truly he had made "a mess of it." He saw that all he had hoped to do for his daughter by crime would have been done for her by this marriage with Ranson, which would have made her a "lady," made her rich, made her happy. Had it not been for his midnight raids she would have been honored, loved and envied, even by the wife of the colonel herself. But through him disgrace had come upon her, sorrow and trouble. She would not be known as the daughter of Senator Ranson, but of Cahill, an ex-member of the Whyo gang, a highway robber, as the daughter of a thief who was serving his time in State prison. At the thought Cahill stepped backward unsteadily as though he had been struck. He cried suddenly aloud. Then his hand whipped back to his revolver, but before he could use it Ranson had seized his wrist with both hands. The two struggled silently and fiercely. The fact of opposition brought back to Cahill all of his great strength.

"No, you don't!" Ranson muttered. "Think of your daughter, man. Drop it!"

"I shall do it," Cahill panted. "I am thinking of my daughter. It's the only way out. Take your hands off me—I shall!"

With his knuckles Ranson bored cruelly into the wounded hand, and it opened and the gun dropped from it; but as it did so it went off with a report that rang through the building. There was an instant rush of feet upon the steps of the veranda, and at the sound the two men sprang apart, eying each other sheepishly like two discovered truants. When Sergeant Clancy and the guard pushed through the door, Ranson stood facing it, spinning the revolver in cowboy fashion around his fourth finger. He addressed the sergeant in a tone of bitter irony.

"Oh, you've come at last," he demanded. "Are you deaf? Why didn't you come when I called?" His tone showed he considered he had just cause for annoyance.

"The gun brought me, I—" began Clancy.

"Yes, I hoped it might. That's why I fired it," snapped Ranson. "I want two whiskey and sodas. Quick, now!"

"Two—" gasped Clancy.

"Whiskey and sodas. See how fast one of you can chase over to the club and get 'em. And next time I want a drink don't make me wake the entire garrison."

As the soldiers retreated Ranson discovered Miss Cahill's white face beyond them. He ran and held the door open by a few inches.

"It's all right," he whispered reassuringly. "He's nearly persuaded. Wait just a minute longer and he'll be giving us his blessing."

"But the pistol-shot?" she asked.

"I was just calling the guard. The electric bell's broken, and your father wanted a drink. That's a good sign, isn't it? Shows he's friendly. What kind did you say you wanted, Mr. Cahill—Scotch was it, or Rye?" Ranson glanced back at the sombre, silent figure of Cahill, and then again opened the door sufficiently for him to stick out his head. "Sergeant," he called, "make them both Scotch—long ones."

He shut the door and turned upon the post trader. "Now, then, father-in-law," he said briskly, "you've got to cut and run, and you've got to run quick. "We'll tell 'em you're going to Fort Worth to buy the engagement-ring, because I can't, being under arrest. But you go to Duncan City instead, and from there take the cars to—"

"Run away!" Cahill repeated dazedly. "But you'll be court-martialed."

"There won't be any court-martial!"

Cahill glanced around the room quickly. "I see," he cried. In his eagerness he was almost smiling. "I'm to leave a confession and give it to you."

"Confession! What rot!" cried Ranson. "They can't prove anything against me. Every one knows by now that there were two men on the trail, but they don't know who the other man was, and no one ever must know—especially Mary."

Cahill struck the table with his fist. "I won't stand for it!" he cried. "I got you into this and I'm goin'—"

"Yes, going to jail," retorted Ranson. "You'll look nice behind the bars, won't you? Your daughter will be proud of you in a striped suit. Don't talk nonsense. You're going to run and hide some place, somewhere, where Mary and I can

COLLIER'S WEEKLY





THE "RODDAM" IN THE HARBOR OF DEATH

In connection with the escape of the British steamer "Roddam" from the flame and lava swept harbor of St. Pierre, a curious fact is brought to memory. In the great cyclone in Apia harbor, Samoa, of all the ships storm-beaten on that fatal day only one escaped destruction, the British cruiser "Calliope." Her escape, like that of the "Roddam" from the Martinique catastrophe, was also due to having steam up

Drawn by Henry Reuterdahl from cabled information gathered by our correspondent from officers of the steamship "Roddam"



When Sergeant Clancey and the guard pushed through the door, Ranson stood facing it, swinging the revolver in cowboy fashion around his fourth finger

come and pay you a visit. Say—Canada. No, not Canada. I'd rather visit you in jail than in a Montreal hotel. Say Tangier, or Buenos Ayres, or Paris. Yes, Paris is safe enough—and so amusing."

Cahill seated himself heavily. "I trapped you into this fix, Mr. Ranson," he said "you know I did, and now I mean to get you out of it. I ain't going to leave the man my Mame wants to marry with a cloud on him. I ain't going to let her husband be jailed."

Ranson had run to his desk and from a drawer drew forth a roll of bills. He advanced with them in his hand.

"Yes, Paris is certainly the place," he said. "Here's three hundred dollars. I'll cable you the rest. You've never been to Paris, have you? It's full of beautiful sights—Henry's American Bar, for instance, and the courtyard of the Grand Hotel, and Maxim's. All good Americans go to Paris when they die and all the bad ones while they are alive. You'll find lots of both kinds, and you'll sit all day on the sidewalk and drink Bock and listen to Hungarian bands. And Mary and I will join you there and take you driving in the Bois. Now, you start at once. I'll tell her you've gone to New York to talk it over with Father, and buy the ring. Then I'll say you've gone on to Paris to rent us apartments for the honeymoon. I'll explain it somehow. That's better than going to jail, isn't it, and making us bow our heads in grief?"

Cahill, in his turn, approached the desk and, seating himself before it, began writing rapidly.

"What is it?" asked Ranson.

"A confession," said Cahill, his pen scratching.

"I won't take it," Ranson said, "and I won't use it."

"I ain't going to give it to you," said Cahill, over his shoulder. "I know better than that. But I don't go to Paris unless I leave a confession behind me. Call in the guard," he commanded; "I want two witnesses."

"I'll see you hanged first," said Ranson.

Cahill crossed the room to the door and, throwing it open, called, "Corporal of the guard!"

As he spoke, Captain Carr and Mrs. Bolland, accompanied by Miss Post and her aunt, were crossing the parade ground. For a moment the post trader surveyed them doubtfully, and then, stepping out upon the veranda, beckoned to them.

"Here's a paper I've signed, captain," he said; "I wish you'd witness my signature. It's my testimony for the court-martial."

"Then some one else had better sign it," said Carr. "Might look prejudiced if I did." He turned to the ladies. "These ladies are coming in to see Ranson now. They'll witness it."

Miss Cahill, from the other end of the veranda, and the visitors entered the room together.

"Mrs. Truesdale!" cried Ranson. "You are pouring coals of fire upon my head. And Miss Post! Indeed, this is too much honor. After the way I threatened and tried to frighten you last night I expected you to hang me, at least, instead of which you have, I trust, come to tea."

"Nothing of the sort," said Mrs. Bolland sternly. "These ladies insisted on my bringing them here to say how sorry they are that they talked so much and got you into this trouble. Understand, Mr. Ranson," the colonel's wife added with dignity, "that I am not here officially as Mrs. Bolland, but as a friend of these ladies."

"You are welcome in whatever form you take, Mrs. Bolland," cried Ranson, "and, believe me, I am in no trouble—no trouble, I assure you. In fact, I am quite the most contented man in the world."

Mrs. Bolland, in spite of the cloud, the temporary cloud which rests upon my fair name, I take great pride in announcing to you that this young lady has done me the honor to consent to become my wife. Her father, a very old and dear friend, has given his consent. And I take this occasion to tell you of my good fortune, both in your official capacity and as my friend."

There was a chorus of exclamations and congratulations in which Mrs. Bolland showed herself to be a true wife and a social diplomatist. In the post trader's daughter she instantly recognized the heiress to the Ranson millions, and the daughter of a Senator who also was the chairman of the Senate Committee on Brevets and Promotions. She fell upon Miss Cahill's shoulder and kissed her on both cheeks. Turning eagerly upon Mrs. Truesdale she said, "Alice, you can understand how I feel when I tell you that this child has always been to me like one of my own."

Carr took Ranson's hand and wrung it. Sergeant Clancey grew purple with pleasure and stole back to the veranda, where he whispered joyfully to a sentry. In another moment a passing private was seen racing delightedly toward the baseball field.

At the same moment Lieutenants Crosby and Curtis and the regimental adjutant crossed the parade ground from the colonel's quarters and ran up the steps of Ranson's hut. The expressions of good-will, of smiling embarrassment and general satisfaction which Lieutenant Crosby observed on the countenances of those present seemed to give him a momentary check.

"Oh," he exclaimed disappointedly, "some one has told you!"

Ranson laughed and took the hand which Crosby held doubtfully toward him. "No one has told me," he said. "I've been telling them."

"Then you haven't heard?" Crosby cried delightedly. "That's good. I begged to be the first to let you know, because I felt so badly at having doubted you. You must let me congratulate you. You are free."

"Free?" smiled Ranson.

"Yes, relieved from arrest," Crosby cried joyfully. He turned and took Ranson's sword from the hands of the adjutant. "And the colonel's let your troop have the band to give you a serenade."

But Ranson's face showed no sign of satisfaction.

"Wait!" he cried. "Why am I relieved from arrest?"

"Why? Because the other fellow has confessed."

Ranson placed himself suddenly in front of Mary Cahill as though to shield her. His eyes stole stealthily toward Cahill's confession. Still unread and still unsigned, it lay unopened upon the table. Cahill was gazing upon Ranson in blank bewilderment.

Captain Carr gasped a sigh of relief that was far from complimentary to his chisel.

"Who confessed?" he cried.

"Pop Henderson," said Crosby.

"Pop Henderson!" shouted Cahill. Unmindful of his wound, he struck the table savagely with his fist. For the first time in the knowledge of the post he exhibited emotion. "Pop Henderson, by the eternal!" he cried. "And I never guessed it!"

"Yes," said Crosby eagerly. "Abe Fisher was in it."

Henderson persuaded the paymaster to make the trip alone with him. Then he dressed up Fisher to represent the Red Rider and sent him on ahead to hold him up. They were to share the money afterward. But Fisher fired on 'Pop' to kill, so as to have it all, and 'Pop's' trying to get even. And what with wanting to hurt Fisher, and thinking he is going to die, and not wishing to see you hanged, he's told the truth. We wired Kiowa early this morning and arrested Fisher. They've found the money, and he has confessed too."

"But the poncho and the red kerchief?" protested Carr. "And he had no stirrups!"

"Oh, Fisher had the make-up all right," laughed Crosby; "Henderson says Fisher's the only, original Red Rider. And as for the stirrups, I'm afraid that's my fault. I asked the colonel if the man wasn't riding without stirrups, and I guess the wish was father to the fact. He only imagined he hadn't seen any stirrups. The colonel was rattled. So, old man," he added, turning to Ranson, "here's your sword again, and God bless you."

Already the post had learned the news from the band and the verandas of the enlisted men overflowed with delighted troopers. From the stables and the ball field came the sound of hurrying feet, and a tumult of cheers and cowboy yells. Across the parade ground the regimental band bore down upon Ranson's hut, proclaiming to the garrison that there would be a hot time in the old town that night. But Sergeant Clancy ran to meet the bandmaster, and shouted in his ear. "He's going to marry Mary Cahill," he cried. "I heard him tell the colonel's wife. Play 'Just Because She Made Them Goo goo Eyes.'"

"Like hell!" cried the bandmaster indignantly, breaking in on the tune with his baton. "I know my business! Now, then, men," he commanded, "I'll Leave My Happy Home for You."

As Mrs. Bolland dragged Miss Cahill into view of the assembled troopers Ranson pulled his father-in-law into a far corner of the room. He shook the written confession in his face.

"Now, will you kindly tell me what that means?" he demanded. "What sort of a gallery play were you trying to make?"

Cahill shifted his sombrero guiltily. "I was trying to get you out of the hole," he stammered. "I thought you done it."

"You thought I done it?"

"Sure. I never thought nothing else."

"Then why do you say here that you did it?"

"Oh, because," stammered Cahill miserably, "'cause of Mary, 'cause she wanted to marry you—'cause you were going to marry her."

"Well—but—what good were you going to do by shooting yourself?"

"Oh, then?" Cahill jerked back his head as though casting out an unpleasant memory. "I thought you'd caught me, you too—between you?"

"Caught you! Then you did—?"

"No, but I tried to. I heard your plan, and I did follow you in the poncho and kerchief, meaning to hold up the stage first, and leave it to Crosby and Curtis to prove you did it. But when I reached the coach you were there ahead of me, and I rode away and put in my time at the Indian village. I never saw the paymaster's cart, never heard of it till this morning. But what with Mame missing the poncho out of our shop and the wound in my hand I guessed they'd all soon suspect me. I saw you did. So I thought I'd just confess to what I meant to do, even if I didn't do it."

Ranson surveyed his father-in-law with a delighted grin. How did you get that bullet-hole in your hand?" he asked.

Cahill laughed shamefacedly. "I hate to tell you that," he said. "I got it just as I said I did. My new gun went off while I was fooling with it, with my hand over the muzzle. And me the best shot in the Territory! But when I heard the paymaster claimed he shot the Red Rider through the palm I knew no one would believe me if I told the truth. So I lied."

Ranson glanced down at the written confession, and then tore it slowly into pieces. "And you were sure I robbed the stage, and yet you believed that I'd use this? What sort of a son-in-law do you think you've got?"

"You thought I robbed the stage, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"And you were going to stand for robbing it yourself, weren't you? Well, that's the sort of son-in-law I've got!"

The two men held out their hands at the same instant.

Mary Cahill, her face glowing with pride and besieged with blushes, came toward them from the veranda. She was laughing and radiant, but she turned her eyes on Ranson with a look of tender reproach.

"Why did you desert me?" she said. "It was awful. They are calling you now. They are playing 'The Conquering Hero.'"

"Mr. Cahill," commanded Ranson, "go out there and make a speech." He turned to Mary Cahill and lifted one of her hands in both of his. "Well, I am the conquering hero," he said. "I've won the only thing worth winning. Dearest," he whispered, "we'll run away from them in a minute, and

we'll ride to the waterfall and the Lover's Leap." He looked down at her wistfully. "Do you remember?"

Mary Cahill raised her head and smiled. He leaned toward her breathlessly.

"Why, did it mean that to you, too?" he asked.

She smiled up at him in assent.

"But I didn't say anything, did I?" whispered Ranson. "I hardly knew you then. But I knew that day that I—that I would marry you or nobody else. And did you think that you—"

"Yes," Mary Cahill whispered.

He beat his head and touched her hand with his lips.

"Then we'll go back this morning to the waterfall," he said, "and tell it that it's all come right. And now, we'll bow to those crazy people out there, those make-believe dream-people, who don't know that there is nothing real in this world but just you and me, and that we love each other."

A dishevelled orderly bearing a tray with two glasses confronted Ranson at the door. "Here's the Scotch and sodas, lieutenant," he panted. "I couldn't get 'em any sooner. The men wanted to take 'em off me—to drink Miss Cahill's health."

"So they shall," said Ranson. "Tell them to drink the canteen dry and charge it to me. What's a little thing like the regulations between friends? They have taught me my manners. Mr. Cahill," he called.

The post trader returned from the veranda.

Ranson solemnly handed him a glass and raised the other in the air. "Here's hoping that the Red Rider rides on his raids no more," he said; "and to the future Mrs. Ranson—to Mary Cahill, God bless her!"

He shattered the empty glass in the grate and took Cahill's hand.

"Father-in-law," said Ranson, "let's promise each other to lead a new and a better life."

THE END

Next week the fiction of the number will be "A Checked Love Affair" by Paul Leicester Ford. This is the last short story that Mr. Ford wrote before his untimely death, and was only completed a few weeks ago. Mr. Ford's best known novel, "Janice Meredith," was originally published serially in *Collier's Weekly*.

THE BEST SHOT IN THE PHILIPPINES

PRIVATE CADOTTE, of the Third U. S. Infantry, on service in the Philippines, sends the following "yarn." He says the notorious (Filipino) officer General Llanera told it to him.

"After the terrible fight between Manila and Caloocan, while we were yet gathering our scattered forces in order to man the trenches of Polo and Malabon, we gradually got over the 'effect,' and came to look upon the Americans lying at Caloocan so quietly as not so dangerous after all. They were afraid to come out and fight, so our men went in small parties and engaged them at times. One day a corporal named Leon went scouting, as he was anxious for promotion. Ill-fortune was his, so he caught no Americans unawares; but on the way home found a great iron ball of oblong shape and brought it into camp at Meycuayan. The captain ordered it taken before El General, who said it was an infernal machine of the Americans—los Diablos! Corporal Leon was ordered to investigate it. He took it outside of the camp, under a great mango tree, and unscrewed the point of it—for it was a six-inch shell. Seeing nothing dangerous about it, he put a lighted cigarette in the hole and then put his ear down over it to hear the result. Well, we did not recover from the 'result' for some time. When we did, and looked for Leon and some twenty or thirty other men, we found them, or small pieces of them, hanging in the mango tree and scattered around the ground. From the roll called that night there were forty-six missing, with the wounded."

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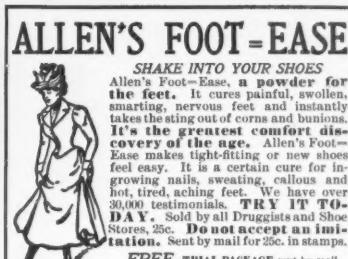


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THE FUTURE of WOMAN'S WORK in CUBA

By Mary Hatch Willard.

THE MEN AND WOMEN interested in the future welfare of Cuba may well ask one question, now that the island of which Uncle Sam has been trustee for nearly four years has been turned over to the Cubans:

"Can the American women continue their work in Cuba, and, if so, on what lines should it be conducted to ensure the best returns?"

It is not a question of what Americans have done for Cuba; that is a matter of history. Nor what they should continue to do; that is so well settled as to need no argument. But can they, after the evacuation, continue their work of sanitary education and philanthropy, and if so, upon what lines would it be most beneficial to work?

In my opinion—and I find it generally conceded among the women who have worked among the Cubans and studied the question—the future work of American women in Cuba lies in settlement work, not in the missionary sense of proselyting, but in teaching the Cuban women and children how to help themselves.

Leaving this part of the problem in abeyance, the field for work which lies before the American women, though rich, is fallow, and the seed, if properly sown, will yield an abundant harvest.

All the work done by American women on the island has been satisfactory. The children, especially, have proved themselves tractable and promising. The mothers are timid, but, where their confidence has been gained, are willing to be taught, and soon see the wisdom of methods brought from the States.

Therefore, to do any permanent good in Cuba the work must continue with the women and children, educating the children, gaining the trust of the mothers and obtaining a stronger hold upon the children.

A Cuban's love for the family relation amounts to a passion—even distant relatives sharing affection with parents and children—and families of fifteen or twenty children are not uncommon. The mother, once interested, becomes a strong ally of the teacher, and the work of training the little ones of the island to be good citizens in the future is simplified.

A Cuban who is much interested in the work done by American women since the war told me the following incident:

He was riding in the interior one day, some miles from one of the orphanages established on the island since the evacuation by the Spaniards. In the doorway of one of the miserable huts of the country sat a woman surrounded by three or four naked children, ranging from four to ten years. She held an open book in her hand, and the little ones were attentively listening to her and repeating the words after her. The group attracted his attention, and he could not resist the temptation to ride up to the doorway and inquire what she was doing.

"I am teaching the little ones to read, señor. They must be educated. When they learn to read and write they can make money and learn a trade, as they do at the American schools."

Education among the masses under Spanish misrule was not considered by wealthy and influential Cubans. This is plainly to be seen, if one studies, even superficially, the customs of the island.

The town of Gibara boasts of a population of seven thousand inhabitants. Until American occupation it had neither charitable, educational nor correctional institutions, but the citizens pointed with pride to their theatre and Casino—one of the largest clubs in Cuba, originally occupied by the Spaniards.

The first work to be done by American women in Cuba after the close of the war was the alleviation of the naked, homeless children of Weyler's reconcentration. The work at the outset was not so much to emphasize the physical as the educational benefits, and the workers in the field were guided by the belief that character-building was more essential than mere material well-being.

The boys were not taken from the streets so much in order to feed their bodies as to save them from becoming thieves and law-breakers. The girls were sheltered not solely from physical suffering, but to protect them from the loss of womanly delicacy and self-respect.

An ignorant, fond, widowed mother would not give up her child to an institution, carried on by foreigners with unknown proclivities, if she could make any possible provision for it herself. Nor was such separation of families desirable or to be encouraged.

Those who did not visit Cuba cannot realize the unfortu-



nate condition of the Cuban people after the Spanish evacuation. They had been left absolutely destitute by the ravages of war. The country is fertile, the climate warm, but they were just managing to live, and many were dying, especially the young children, who suffered and died day by day from neglect.

It was no unusual thing in the interior of the island to find all the children under twelve years of age absolutely without clothing and without any moral training. They were growing up in that condition, huddled together in abandoned houses or in the brush, and, inasmuch as the destiny of the island was in our hands, at least temporarily, and our influence would assist in the determining of its future, the only and best thing to be done was to take these children and in some way fit them for the responsibilities of the future, whatever those responsibilities may prove to be.

It was decided that the establishment of orphanages, connecting them with industrial schools or schools for general education, was the best plan of any under consideration. It was found that all instruction in mechanical arts, even in the lower branches of industry—such as carpentering, the machinists' trade, and even the plain, ordinary, everyday work of shoeing horses and doing repair work with tools—all these things were practically unknown. Even in Havana you will find Cubans sawing backhand and building with a chisel. The opportunity was before us of training the children to be useful members of society, teaching them a trade and, in the end, making them self-supporting.

The people showed a disposition to learn. The first request they made was, "Can't you give us more schools?" There seemed no way in which this work could be better accomplished than by helping the orphans of the poorer classes, who had been left absolutely destitute as a result of the war.

The children and their parents knew absolutely nothing of the laws of hygiene. The children were being brought up without any regard for the laws of morality, decency or cleanliness. All that we American women hold most dear seemed to be left to the instincts of these fatherless and motherless children, and their lives were being molded as the influences surrounding them were either for good or for evil.

The kindergarten training assumed a value beyond calculation to these poor little things, who could not even walk straight, much less throw a ball so that it would hit anywhere within twenty-five feet of the place aimed at. The simplest kindergarten plays develop an accuracy of eye and muscle which assists in the more serious training and discipline of the young.

It was pitiable to see how little these children knew of play. In the daytime, when not occupied with work or study, they would sit under the porch surrounding the patio, absolutely unoccupied.

This is all changed in many places. A live kindergarten has entertained and taught the children to amuse themselves, and they now, like American boys and girls, shout and play, and make wonderful designs with colored papers.

It was found, after the kindergartens and schools were established, that the children either had no clothes or were in too filthy a condition to attend the sessions. Before two weeks had elapsed the change in the cleanliness of the

children was astonishing, and many were wearing garments who up to this time had never known the need of clothes.

Nearly all the children now have a Sunday suit, which is carefully guarded lest they should not be able to go out on the street at all. Every girl and baby has one or two dresses. The girls make and finish the garments and in this way are taught practical sewing. By teaching them to do plain sewing and not the poorly paid and intricate drawn-work which occupies their time, and by drilling them in sanitary housework on a plan which will minimize their work, they will find life much easier and better worth the living.

The Cuban ladies in the different towns have been interested in the kindergarten work, and sewing classes have been established, where a vast number of sheets and pillowcases for the hospitals are hemmed and plain garments fashioned for the poor children attending the different branches under the care of American women.

That the settlement work seems to touch on the vital question of future work in Cuba is borne out by one of the many incidents which came under the notice of one of the American teachers.

There came to the asylum at Remedios one day a little widow with two children. She had heard so much of what the American women were doing that she wanted to place her children in the orphanage, send them to day school and help about the work herself, so that she might not be separated from them. She explained:

"It is necessary that my children have some education. They are four and seven now, but they read as well as I can. I have taught them myself, but I want them to learn further. I get a bit of work in town now and then, but it is uncertain. I want work for every day. I would wash and iron—that is always wanted—but I am not strong for that; I am anemic. If I came here to your asylum every day, cleaned the rooms and looked after the linen, you could pay me by letting the children study with you, and perhaps somehow we could manage the clothing. If they could study for two or three years only, they could learn to help me. I could take a house and keep them there, all working together at some occupation. They could, after that, spend only part of their time in study, but they would have learned to care for something better than the street children they now play with."

It is by settlement work that sentiments similar to those expressed by the poor little widow can be grafted into the minds of the women and mothers of Cuba. The children are utterly undisciplined because their mothers have never been taught discipline before them.

You must gain the confidence of these poor creatures, cowed by centuries of oppression and abuse, and that is not an easy task; for it is difficult to explain to their suspicious natures why American women are willing to sacrifice home and country to benefit them.

In all Spanish countries purely charitable work is almost invariably associated with what they call "the religious life." Similar work is sometimes done for political reasons. Why people in the States should contribute large sums of money to feed orphan children seems incomprehensible to the Cubans.

Therefore, the work that lies before American women in Cuba is settlement work among the mothers and children of the island.

Any reform work in Cuba should be absolutely non-sectarian, and to be successful must be separated entirely from religious problems. What the women need is to be taught hygiene, the value of time, domestic economy as it is taught in the "settlements" here in New York City, and to be brought to an understanding of the importance of their children not only being fed to-day but trained to be self-supporting in the future.



Of these four typically beautiful American girls, Miss Sigsbee is the daughter of Captain Charles D. Sigsbee, U.S.N., who was in command of the battleship "Maine" at the time of her destruction in Havana Harbor. She is to be married in June to Robert T. Small, son of Samuel Small, the well-known Southern evan-

gelist. Miss Quay, daughter of the Senator from Pennsylvania, has been asked to christen the armored cruiser "Pennsylvania," soon to be launched. Miss Oelrichs will be married to Mr. Peter D. Martin of San Francisco at Newport in September. Miss Vivian Sartoris is a granddaughter of General U. S. Grant.

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THE OCCULT CRAZE AND
BIRTHSTONES

EVERYTHING occult goes these days, and now the swagger woman is poking over trays of uncult gems, hunting, like Diogenes, not for an honest man, but for a birthstone. The day has gone by when only the girl with a diamond or ruby heralded the fact by wearing a ring set with her birthstone.

The jewellers' trays nowadays contain collections of stones with names which require deep study to understand and remember. How many of us have ever heard of olivine, hematite, spinel, idocrase, chalcedony or rutile?

To be strictly in the swim one must know these stones and be able to tell to which month they belong. The most popular design in birth rings is a hand-wrought circle, which takes its design from the sign of the Zodiac under which the ring's wearer was born, and at the back of the ring, set in intricate carving, is a small bit of the wearer's birthstone.

Bracelets with zodiacal figures linked together by birthstones are another fancy, and very popular among men as presents to their best girls. It is not alone sufficient to know the names of the stones, but the fadist must know the sentiment of each gem and its talismanic power.

Turquoise is a soul cheerer. Chalcedony drives away melancholy. Chrysolite gladdens the heart. The beryl ensures happiness and protracted youth. Jasper gives courage. Topaz wins friendship and constancy. The cat's-eye warns of danger and trouble. The moonstone guarantees good luck.

So rapid has been the growth of this fad that one noted jewelry firm has looked up all the sentiment and superstition connected with precious stones and gems, and has a book stocked with such lore for the aid of both purchasers and designers.

Not only the meaning and sentiment of each stone are noted there, but, to help in jewelry symbolism, with each month's birthstone is given a zodiacal sign, the birth flower, the special apostle, the guardian angel and his talismanic gem. For instance, the mortal born in May has for a jewel the cat's-eye, for zodiacal sign Gemini, for special apostle Saint John, for guardian angel Gabriel, whose talismanic gem is onyx, and for color, vermillion. All of these facts may be woven into one symbolic piece of the new jewelry, and its particular interest and attractiveness promises to make the new fad permanent by reason of its variety and many phases.

"Sufficient Unto the Day"

By Madeline Bridges

"Sufficient unto the day," we're told, "Is the evil thereof." Ah, quite Sufficient—yea, more—there's enough to fold

Far over into the night!

FOOD

COLLEGE COMPLEXIONS

Can be Ruined by Coffee.

Nothing so surely mars a woman's complexion as coffee drinking. A young college girl of Hyattsville, Md., says, "I never drank coffee up to the time I went to college, and as long as you are not going to publish my name will admit that I was proud of my pink and white complexion, but for some reason I began drinking coffee at school and when vacation came I looked like a wreck. Was extremely nervous and my face hollow and sallow.

All my friends said college life had been too much for me. After questioning me about my diet Mother gave me a cup of strong, rich coffee at breakfast although formerly she had objected to the habit, but the secret came out in a few weeks when everybody began to comment on my improved looks and spirits. She said she had been steadily giving me Postum Food Coffee and I did not know it.

My color came back, much to my delight and I was fully restored to health. I will return to college without the slightest fear of losing ground for I know exactly where the trouble lies.

Mother says the first time she had Postum made no one would drink it for it was pale and watery, but the next day she did not trust to the cook but examined the directions and made it herself. She found the cook had just let it come to the boiling point and then served it, and it was tasteless, but the beverage made according to directions, by proper boiling, is delicious and has a remarkable "taste for more." One cup is seldom enough for Father now.

I have a young lady friend who suffered several years from neuralgia and headache, obtaining only temporary relief from medicines. Her sister finally persuaded her to leave off coffee and use Postum. She is now very pronounced in her views as to coffee. Says it was the one thing responsible for her condition, for she is now well and the headaches and neuralgia are things of the past. Please do not publish my name." Name can be given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.



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A Saving Alternative
By Landis Ayr.

JACK, I am going to join a club. You belong to one or two.

That is certainly a potent reason.

Well, you needn't think you can enjoy a monopoly of conjugal freedom.

No, indeed. But I thought you had an aversion to women's clubs.

So I had; but—Mrs. Pennington was here to-day.

What has that to do with the subject?

She belongs to thirteen clubs.

Is that all?

She thinks I ought to join some—at least one.

Why "ought"?

She says I am wasting my God-given talents. Now what are you laughing at?

Pardon me. I was thinking how overburdened with talent Mrs. Pennington must be to supply thirteen clubs. Somebody should report her case to the S. P. C. A.

Oh, I presume she reads the same papers at each one.

Waiving the puerile question of application. And are you to read papers also?

Yes, and write them.

Indeed!

I told her I could never do such a thing, but she says I can just copy it out of an encyclopedia.

They wouldn't be likely to do it. I'm certain I'd never read a tiresome encyclopedia from choice.

Is it compulsory, then?

I'll have to if I join the club.

Why do you join?

I told you.

Oh, yes—to employ your God-given talent of reading an encyclopedia.

Nonsense! Because you belong to clubs. Not that kind.

No. At yours they drink and play cards. That's what you ought to do—then there would be some fun in it.

You admit you do that in your clubs?

Certainly. What would we do?

Ours are educational.

We don't make any pretence of that kind.

It isn't pretence. Mrs. Pennington says she has learned more at clubs than she did in all her years at school.

I should think she would absorb something out of thirteen. Who manages her house?

She boards. That's why she gave up house-keeping—she was too busy.

Undoubtedly. Where is Mr. Pennington?

In an insane hospital?

How did you guess?

A natural conclusion. Is he?

(Heaven grant it!)

Yes. But she didn't drive him crazy.

What did?

Why, I don't know. She is a thorough lady and very learned.

That is not incompatible with Mr. Pennington's madness. Perhaps he had

to look up things for her in encyclopedias. Thirteen clubs ought to keep two or three people pretty busy. How does the lady grapple with it alone?

Oh, she has a secretary.

Poor girl!

Girl! Mrs. Pennington is no girl.

I mean the secretary.

Well, he is a young man. Why, Mrs. Pennington has an office in the Mabie Building. She holds very responsible positions in these clubs and receives a good salary.

That alters the case. Then it is a matter of business with her God-given talents.

Not altogether.

Are you to receive compensation for copying from encyclopedias?

Certainly not. Only executive officers draw salaries. On the contrary, I have to pay dues and an initiation fee.

Are they high?

Rather.

Wouldn't you prefer to invest the money in something else?

In what?

Something to wear.

I do need a new hat and several pairs of gloves.

Charity begins at home.

But I suppose it is selfish and sluggish of me to keep aloof from these progressive movements altogether.

There is certainly no more progressive movement than the one in dress. Go down town and employ the talent you really possess in selecting charming apparel with which to gladden the eyes of your friends—

Your counsel is to inculcate selfishness?

Wait. Then devote your leisure to looking up deserving recipients for your superfluous wardrobe—and let the good club-ladies read statistics for themselves.

I don't see how that would benefit you any.

If you develop the club mania there is no telling where it may end. It might result in my keeping poor Mr. Pennington company.

Nonsense! But I do need a new hat and some gloves—Jack, do you really think I have exceptional taste in dress?

My dear, you are absolutely superlative in that direction. I wouldn't forego the compliments I hear on your appearance for all the clubs in America. But if you wish to keep in the lead you should really have another hat or two—and—er—what was it?—some long gloves—and—er—and a smart black gown. They seem to be very much in vogue.

They are. I do want one awfully. But at that rate I shall never see the inside of a club.

(Heaven grant it!)

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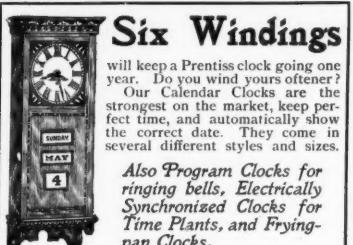
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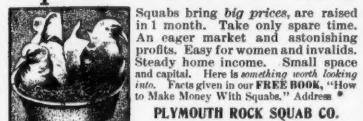
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straight home, there is no waiting for an erratic delivery wagon. I am not the only housewife who can tell of afternoons spent in watching for the butcher's wagon and the roast or leg of lamb for which a hot oven anxiously yawns. The dinner which followed was frequently made memorable by a makeshift dish of frizzled beef or ham and eggs!

When it comes to the subject of reasonably priced meats which provide nourishing and appetizing dishes they are many and of large variety. A leg of mutton might be placed in the front rank as a wise purchase for a large family. Where there are only two or three at the family table the mutton would grow tedious by virtue of its many visits. If it can be used, however, in a few meals it is excellent, boiled very slowly and served with caper sauce. It also provides a pot of excellent stock, which, with barley and vegetables, makes a tureen of the best mutton broth. Usually a good leg of mutton—remember, it is of mutton I am speaking, not lamb—can be purchased for ten or twelve cents a pound.

Another good way to cook a rather tough leg of mutton is by braising it. Brush the meat over with butter, sear it quickly over a hot fire, then put with three cups of boiling water in a closely covered soup pot. It should be well seasoned, with cloves, pepper corns and carrots, turnips, celery and onions, cut in dice, also parsley and a bit of bay leaf. Fasten the lid on the soup pot with a thick paste of flour and water, and allow it to cook for five or six hours in an oven about at the temperature required for baked beans. Mutton prepared in this fashion is tender and delicious.

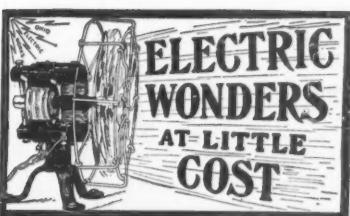
There is a knack in knowing how to choose a good soup bone as well as in knowing how to cook it. It ought to be about two-thirds meat and one third bone and fat. In the winter it is an excellent plan, providing you have a large enough soup kettle, to purchase two bones for soup—one the knuckle, which seldom costs over four or five cents a pound, the other a solid flesh piece, costing perhaps seven or eight cents. When the meat is cooked to the point where, if it were a stew, you would take it from the fire, lift out with a skimmer on a large platter the meaty soup bone and cut away from it the nicest pieces of beef. You can often obtain two or three pounds of this meat, well seasoned and tendered by slow cooking. Return the bone to the soup kettle and allow it to simmer until the bones drop apart. The meat which has been taken out may be utilized in a number of ways. It makes excellent hash. When well seasoned it is not to be despised in the shape of croquettes. With a cup of the stock and a few parboiled vegetables you have a savory stew, or in hot weather it may be transformed into a tasty galantine. When used in this way soup bones costing forty cents may be made to yield two or three meals of good variety for a large family.

Sheep's or a beef heart, with a good bread stuffing, is a cheap and very appetizing dish. Sheep's liver, which in England is esteemed as highly as kidneys, is almost given away in American markets. Try it larded and baked, then covered with a rich brown gravy, if you would know how good it can be made. Many cheap cuts of beef can be converted into excellent meats by pot-roasting. Among them may be mentioned the lean, juicy cross-rib, or a solid piece from the lower part of the round or face of the rump. Two pounds of flank, which costs from nine to ten cents a pound, make a very savory dish when cooked à la Milanaise. The meat is rolled, sautéed brown, highly seasoned, then braised slowly for two hours with just enough water to make a good gravy. The flank rolled makes a good soup, lifting the meat out when cooked and serving with vegetables and horse-radish sauce. The stock left may be utilized next day as a rice or Julienne soup.

Remember, when buying meat for a stew, braise or pot-roast it is better economy to pay twelve cents a pound for solid, juicy meat than it would be to pay seven cents for a larger piece which is half bone and fat. It is the same economy that makes the good housewife choose a pound and a half of solid halibut at twenty cents a pound rather than a five-pound cod with skin, head and tail included at six cents a pound.

Among the cheap and nourishing meats yet to mention one might include corned beef, with its cabbage accompaniment, and boiled tongue, which in small towns and villages can be bought very cheaply. The hockbone sells generally at ten to twelve cents a pound and is the best bit of beef for a stew. Next to it come several pounds from the middle cut of the skin, the flank of a large sirloin roast or the upper part of the chuck rib. Good pieces of the round, which accumulate in small, unsightly portions on every butcher's counter, cost little and, by the aid of the household meat chopper, can be converted into Hamburg steak. I have something of a prejudice against market Hamburg steak, preferring to see with my own eyes the meat which goes through the chopper. It costs less and adds a relish to sausage when it, too, is homemade.

Old pieces of pork can be had for the watching and at low cost in every market. For the people who like it, tripe provides an occasional good and cheap meal. Three or four pounds of lamb from the forequarter costs ten cents a pound, and is nutritious as a frieze with brown gravy or as an Irish stew. Nothing makes a nicer stew or broth than a neck of mutton, one of the cheapest cuts of the sheep. Then in pork there is the old-fashioned, savory dish of spare ribs stuffed, while in veal rich stews may be made from the knuckle when cooked for a soup after the method suggested in the making of beef stock.



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A RIBBON-WORK SOFA CUSHION

By Lilian Barton Wilson

AMONG the very useful articles upon which one may lavish embroidery are sofa cushions. One may say that there are two kinds of sofa cushions—a kind for ornament and a kind for use; sometimes, indeed, the two characteristics are combined in one. Then, again, the ornamental sofa cushion which graces the drawing-room in winter can be made fit for moderate service in summer by a cool linen cover, which at the same time protects it from dust and the summer light.

Covers of this sort can be simply made of brown linen embroidered in outline stitch with cottons, sewed on three sides and laced on the fourth, so fashioned that they can be easily laundered. A thorough brushing and airing prepares the winter cushion for its summer dress and a bit of camphor slipped in with it ensures it against moths quite as effectually as if it were packed away, perhaps more so. Covers of this sort can be used from year to year and really simplify the work of spring packing.

One of the prettiest ways to ornament a cushion is with ribbon work. This kind of embroidery is done more successfully in France than anywhere else, but as it is possible to purchase the French ribbons in this country we ought to learn to do the work.

These ribbons are very soft, so that even

those an inch or more wide are readily carried in a wide-eyed needle.

The apple blossoms on this cushion are in ribbon, the stems and leaves in full embroidery. The petals of the flowers are laid in single stitches. As the ribbon is drawn through, it naturally gathers in little folds, which give the crinkled effect of the natural flower. It is necessary to be sure that the pucker at both ends of the petals turns down toward the ground material, otherwise the effect is not obtained. A very few tacking stitches may be necessary, but as far as possible these should be avoided, for they destroy the crispness of the petal, which is so placed as the ribbon is drawn through that it will lie properly. The embroidery ribbons are shaded, the gradation running lengthwise; for this reason each petal should be placed the same way of the ribbon in order that the light shall appear to come from the same direction on all. The shading of these ribbons is most dainty. The stamens secure the ribbon blossoms very nicely at the centre. They should be worked in radiating stitches and French knots in yellow filo floss directly through the ribbon. The contrast between these ribbon blossoms and the embroidered leaves is very pretty. The way in which the embossed design of the damask ground is allowed to ornament the centre is also a pretty feature of this pillow.

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The best equipment for the battle of life is a pair of honest, air-loving lungs, nerves that are steady and alert, well-trained muscles—all ministering to the active brain of their owner.

Good health is man's natural heritage. A good figure, an erect carriage, a springy step and an active mind are as much his by right as the power to breathe. There is no more excuse for weak lungs and a hollow chest in a man than there is for decrepitude in a lion, yet almost every man treats himself with a carelessness and indifference that he would not permit in the case of a horse.

Some men inherit a good physique; some attain it, but the vast majority reach maturity with undeveloped bodies, uncertain nerves, unreliable muscles and a tendency to dyspepsia, constipation, insomnia or nervous prostration.

To all such I can extend the assurance of speedy relief.

I know whereof I speak, for I myself once possessed a narrow chest, weak lungs and flabby muscles. I resolved to make myself strong, and through experiments on my own body I learned Nature's own method of restoring health and strength. What I have done for myself and for hundreds of others I can do for you.

No matter what his calling, any man can develop his physique by the help of my system. Occupation is no bar; environment—and even force of heredity itself—yield to the man who has the determination to rise above them.

My system simply gives to men and women the health and strength that Nature intended them to have. There is no mystery about it—just common sense, backed by an accurate knowledge of the anatomy of the human body and its needs. I try to find out the exact needs of each pupil so that each special exercise can be planned to fit his individual case. In this way I can build him up gradually to a proper condition and teach him to maintain it afterwards.

The exercises are not severe—a few moments morning and night so soon makes you feel the difference. Purer blood courses in your veins, you breathe more freely, eat more heartily and sleep soundly. Color heightens in the cheeks, the eye brightens, the skin is clearer, and you are filled with new power and renewed ambition.

I have seen these changes so often as a result of my systematic exercises that I know it to be no fancy picture.

If you feel the need of good health and are in earnest about it, write me fully and I will give you an outline of my course and detailed information regarding my methods and terms for instruction.

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AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY—IV

NECESSARY TRAYS—CORRECT FOCUSING, DELIBERATION AND JUDGMENT THE THREE ESSENTIALS OF "EXPOSURE"—THE CRUCIAL MOMENT—IN THE CLICK OF THE SHUTTER LIES THE FATE OF THE NEGATIVE—THE CAMERA'S EYE MUST SEE ARIGHT

By EDWARD A. ROTH

IN THE matter of trays, as in poker, three are good to hold, but as many more as you can use are better. Above all, don't try to develop a 4 x 5 plate in a 4 x 5 tray. You can't do it conveniently, even after you become skilled, and you can't do it once out of seven times if you are a novice, without clawing half of the emulsion from the plate. Besides, it is really a waste of time and means many more minutes of imprisonment in the uncomfortable, unventilated darkroom to develop one plate at a time. I do not use any of the small-sized trays, except for toning prints. Indeed, I have found it infinitely handier to use large agateware trays or pans, in which four or more plates can be developed at a time. It is as easy to watch four as one, and if one, by reason of greater exposure, develops more speedily than another, it may be removed to the fixing-box at once.

For developing films large trays are the only satisfactory devices. Agateware has the merit of more durability and less cost than porcelain, and if properly cleansed, after each time of use, is as good in every way. It is imperative to have one tray for developing plates, one for clean water (if no running water is in the darkroom), and another for print toning. Negatives are best fixed in hypo boxes provided with racks, though trays are frequently used.

For keeping solutions, glass jars, such as are used for fruit canning, are about as good as anything that could be devised. They are airtight and easily opened.

Paste the word "cleanse" on every bottle and tray. It is probably the most important word in the whole vocabulary of photography.

You are now equipped for picture-making and picture-taking; so we may go about it from a proper starting-point.

WHEN THE CAMERA WINKS

All there is of picture-taking is exposure. Almost anybody can make a good picture of one well taken. And, let me tell you, the brief moment that a camera winks its eye is more important, even though it may be but an infinitesimal fraction of a second, than any other stage of photographic art. In that click of the shutter is the fate of the negative—the picture; for, if the camera's eye doesn't get a proper opportunity to see, it won't retain what it was aimed at. There is more of exposure than the mere pressure of a bulb. This operation, trifling though it is in point of time, calls for three essentials—correct focusing, deliberation and judgment.

The preparation and determination necessary to a limited exposure are, if anything, more elaborate than to one of greater duration. This won't occur at first to the amateur, loosed upon the world with a picture-taking outfit and a raging desire to get on a plate everything, animate and inanimate, within and beyond range.

The landscaping, for instance—and landscapes are the best things to practice on, partly because they can't come back at you with criticism and anathemas. Nature composes the prettiest pictures on earth, and what artists term "composition" isn't their own faculty, but is an appreciation of nature's best phases. Here is where your art instinct must dictate: Lights and shadows must be considered, as well as the arrangement of figures, trees, rocks, water and the like, in the foreground, middle distance and background.

Survey the scene from every angle and choose the best. If you think a certain bit would make a better picture with different lighting, you can't do as an artist would with a model, or as you would with a portrait subject—move the person into a more desirable light; but you can, and should, let that picture severely alone for the present and make it your business to calculate the hour at which the light should be right and to happen around again at the time of day when the light will fall properly for the effect you are after. So, you see, it is a matter of study, as much as it is the creation of an ideal by a painter.

AN ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHER

I know an expert photographer who spent twelve weeks in camp in the Rockies, in Colorado, and whose total production was twelve negatives. He often waited for a cloud to move into position in a picture. The man who sent him and paid for the trip was more satisfied with the twelve pictures than if the result had been a hundred.

With the view selected, set the camera up, firmly and squarely, making sure not to leave any of the legs with which it is endowed in a position to be kicked over at an inopportune moment. In most instances the sunlight is more desirable at the back, or far to one side of the lens; but sometimes the view is in its best aspect with the camera at a sharp angle

to the sun. You can get a perfect result, under these circumstances, by shading the lens with a placeholder slide, preventing the direct sunlight from entering the lens, but care must be taken to keep the screen from covering part of the view.

Open the shutter now, duck under the focusing cloth and see what the camera is looking at. Don't try to look through it—it isn't a telescope—but just *glue* your eyes to the rear side of the ground glass. By no means stop at that, but look at it for a while, study it and make sure that the picture will satisfy you. It isn't enough to get sharp definition; you must study the composition under that darkening hood. There you can best do it, for your vision is limited to the camera's scope, while outside your eye was taking in miles that couldn't get into the plate.

One of the most natural things for a man to do when he wants to see more clearly is to half-shut his eyes. With the lids wide open he can't see sharply at all. That principle is applied to a modern camera lens and it is the reason why it is equipped with a diaphragm. The early diaphragms had only three or four sizes of apertures, but now every gradation is possible, from a wide-open lens to a veritable pinhole. In a clear, strong light you can get a good picture by a quick exposure, with the lens wide open. You can get a better one with the aperture lessened, taking care to increase the time of exposure in proportion.

This adjustment of the diaphragm is a matter for long and patient study, which alone brings the "knack" of doing it properly, i.e. the judgment of the relation of time of exposure to strength and direction of light. Where the light is much "cut up," as in a view across water in bright sunlight, even the quickest "instantaneous" exposure should be made with the diaphragm on the "16" stop.

TESTING A PICTURE

Having focused the camera and determined upon the time of exposure, set the shutter at the proper notch, and *test it* before putting a placeholder in position. Make sure that it works in correct time and that you have set it so it won't slip. Just here another word of caution: In replacing the slide, after exposure, don't insert a corner of it at a time, if you expect a picture; for there is danger of letting in light and having the plate light-struck; but put the whole bottom edge squarely into the slot and ram it home quickly. *Make sure to turn the dark side out*, showing that the plate has been exposed, and fasten the slide with the button before taking it from the camera.

After a landscape diet, a burning fever will set in to "take groups." This is the natural progression of symptoms in cameritis. Nature won't do the composing here, but you must console her in arranging the groups. Don't let the light shine directly into any of the faces; you'll get a lot of "squinters" if you do. Select the partial shade of a tree or a rock for the posing, if possible, and don't let any of the figures get too far in the background.

The unconventional, picturesque effect cannot be achieved if you keep everybody interested in what you are doing. Don't let one of them know just when you are going to take the picture, if it is a short exposure; but, with slide withdrawn, watch the group and, when you have caught all off guard and not looking your way, press the bulb. This is particularly necessary in flashlight groups. Nothing looks more hideous than the bulging, strained eyeballs that stare at a flash or at the camera. By the way, never use a flashlight in a completely darkened room. Have the gas lighted, but out of range of the plate, and close the shutter as soon as the flash has flared.

A POINTER ABOUT PORTRAITS

In portraiture, be careful to get a subdued light on the face. If you don't, the chances are that the white masks, with staring eyes, which you will hand to a sitter as his portrait will disrupt the bonds of a friendship that you thought firmly welded forever. Indoor exposures are, naturally, longer than outdoor, and there are many difficulties to be reckoned with.

With the diaphragm well stopped down, "moonlight" pictures may be made by pointing the lens directly at the sun. With the sun disappearing behind a cloud a beautiful effect is secured.

In the matter of plates, as in everything else, *cheap ones cost most*. "Pinholes," "sand-bubbles" and other flaws are not compensated for by the manufacturers' offers of replacement, after an exposure has been made. The flaw is sure, by that perversity of fate that makes men profane, to cover a spot of essential detail on your very best subject. Use non-halation plates for interiors, and, when fine gradation of color values is wanted, use isochromatic or orthochromatic plates—that is what they are made for.



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• SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR •

EDITED BY

ROWING AT NEW HAVEN AND CAMBRIDGE
AFTER the Easter recess the university crew squad at New Haven settled down to hard work, although the weather was continuously bad. The new launch *Elihu Yale* raised the spirits of the coaching staff considerably. It is a most modern boat and is quite able to keep the crew in sight, a thing which the old boat was unable to do toward the end of its career.

A great deal of interest centred on the question of the selection of stroke, Bogue and Adams alternating in this position. The first and second crews, outside of the position of stroke, were rowing in various combinations, one arrangement being—

First crew: Cross 7, Kunz 6, Weymouth 5, Judson 4, Laws 3, Coffin 2, Waterman bow.

And in the other boat, Auchincloss 7, Scott 6, Stubbs 5, Sargent 4, Ackley 3, Strong 2, Hewitt bow.

Stubbs, Johnson, Levering, Miller, Trumbull, Coffin, McClinton, Dresser, Schley, Wilson and Olmstead were also in the race for positions.

The organization of the Yale crew, which always follows the Annapolis race, resulted in the fixing of an eight and two four-oared crews, although this does not determine definitely the final make-up of the varsity. This crew went into the boat as follows:

Bogue stroke, Cross 7, Kunz 6, Weymouth 5, Judson 4, Ackley 3, Coffin 2, Waterman bow.

Much speculation has been aroused as to whether Johnson, who rowed at 5 last year, will be able to get down in weight to hold his old position.

The Harvard crew the middle of May were divided into first and second crews as follows:

First crew: Foster stroke, Bancroft 7, Shuebuk 6, Francis 5, Swift 4, McGraw 3, Bullard 2, James bow.

Second crew: Brownell stroke, Colby 7, Smith 6, Gregg 5, Derby 4, Covel 3, Phillips 2, Hartwell bow.

The truth of the matter is that at Cambridge, even more than at New Haven, but in both places, there has been more or less shifting, and the coaches are not yet quite satisfied with the balance of the boats. Harvard is most troubled about a stroke, but Foster has been doing very well indeed of late. Yale with Bogue at stroke seems to be getting the work out of the men, and in some test cases the crew behind Bogue has been pretty uniformly successful. On the other hand, of the two crews, as above named, at Harvard on one or more days the second crew has gained materially on the first, although both were rowing at about the same number of strokes a minute. At both places there has been the usual May slump, but it is expected that when they move on to New London that will speedily come out of the men.

The Harvard crew this year has a more pleasing stroke to the eye with a more rhythmical beat than last year's, and is apparently getting the power on somewhat earlier and finishing through with more strength.

ANNAPOLIS- WEST POINT BASEBALL
West Point and Annapolis played their baseball match on the grounds of the West Point cadets, and in spite of the favorable impression that had been created by the Army's victory over Pennsylvania not long ago, the Navy won out with considerable to spare. In fact, at one time it looked as if it might be a whitewash for the home nine, and much depression was in evidence among the West Point sympathizers. But toward the end of the game by a strong rally West Point succeeded in breaking the ice, and for a while it looked as if they might actually get in enough runs to tie the score. But fortune did not so smile upon them, and the game ended with a score of 5 to 3 in favor of Annapolis. As a matter of fact the visitors were rather stronger than the home nine both in their batting and fielding.

The Annapolis crew seems to be a regular chopping block for the university oarsmen this season. The Georgetown crew went over on the 17th, and defeated the "middles" by something over a length. The race was rowed over the upper course, as the outward course was too rough. Georgetown, under Captain Russell, and with stroke Kearns, pulled a stroke of great power, although the crew was not always entirely together. After three quarters of a mile they began to move away from Annapolis, and the cadets could never again get up to them.

HARVARD BEATS PENNSYLVANIA
Harvard, with Clarkson in the box, defeated Pennsylvania by a score of 8 to 5. The game was a close one up to the last two innings. In fact, Pennsylvania got the first run, and at the end of the seventh was in the lead—5 to 4—but made some costly errors at the last, allowing Harvard to get in four runs, two in each inning. The Pennsylvanians did not find Clarkson very well,



Drawn by Edward Penfield

although they got nine hits, the light-haired amateur crack striking out twelve men.

Wesleyan easily defeated Williams, 10 to 2, and Princeton ran away with Georgetown, 13 to 5. Yale defeated the Orange Athletic Club in thirteen innings by a score of 4 to 3, a game which took two hours and three-quarters to play.

In another practice game with the Rugby team at Roachampton the American polo four, consisting of John E. Cowdin, J. M. Waterbury, Jr., R. L. Agassiz, and Lawrence Waterbury, were defeated by a score of 6 goals to 4. The game was a rather remarkable one, particularly in the way in which the scores were made. The Rugby team, consisting of the three Nickalls boys and G. Miller, set off most briskly, and in the first

Neck had the advantage of one in the handicap, but was outclassed, the score being 13½ to 5 in favor of the Lakewood Second. Earle put up a better game than he did at Lakewood earlier in the season, and Hebert did some excellent work. The Grace boys and Robbins, composing the Great Neck team, put up a very good game during the first two periods, but in the third and fourth Lakewood came very fast and pulled out eight goals.

A very close game was played at Westchester on the occasion of the second match for the Country Club cups. The game was not particularly exciting, even though it was close. Camden had 8 goals by handicap and earned 9, making a total of 14. Westchester had to play hard to surmount the 8 goals, but eventually came out ahead by earning 15.

The Westchester team was made up of Reynal, Blair, R. J. Collier and Beekman, while Camden played Salmon, A. Kennedy, Jr., Barstow and George Woodman.

Lakewood Second in the final game for the Country Club cups at Westchester won by a net score of 13 to 8, actually making 10 goals to Westchester's 8. The Westchester team seemed unable to get together, although there were occasional moments of individual brilliancy—one in particular, when Reynal scored a goal in twenty seconds, getting the ball on the throw in and taking it down and through in three strokes. Seward Cary played quite up to his handicap of 4, and in fact the entire Lakewood team were at their best.

Rockaway with Lamontagne at No. 2 went against the Lakewood Second at Westchester on the 17th, and after Lakewood Second had kept even with them during the first half, set at it fast and furiously, and literally rode out a victory by dash and determination. Rockaway was obliged to concede Lakewood Second 5 goals under the handicap of 15 to 10, but won by the final score of 13½ to 10½.

The mile straight-away speed trials to be held this week (May 31) over a selected stretch of road on the east driveway of Staten Island have aroused much interest among automobileists on both sides of the Atlantic. European

autoists are interested, not only because the trials will quite likely establish new American record for the mile, but also for the reason that the time of each competitor will be taken at the kilometre (.621 of a mile), and an opportunity thus afforded to compare the speed-producing powers not only of American and French machines, but of American and French chauffeurs as well. The trials will be held under the auspices and direction of the Automobile Club of America, and any results attained will of course be recognized as official by automobile organizations the world over.

Nearly every popular foreign and American make of racing car will be entered. Among the former will be the well-known Panhard-Levassor, so widely introduced into this country by Messrs. Smith & Mabley of New York.

The Darracq car, one of which, driven by Mr. C. D. Cook of the American Darracq Company, was first to finish in the Long Island run, will be well represented. These cars of the greater horse-power are capable of attaining 55 miles an hour and upward. Of other foreign-built cars, the "C. G. & V.," Pugeot, Mors, Rochet-Schneider, and Mercedes may safely be looked to for a good account of themselves.

While it is generally expected that the long tonneau-bodied French cars will be largely in the majority at the coming trials, there will undoubtedly be seen a greater number of American-built machines than at any preceding meet of automobiles held about New York. In response to the great demand for cars built on French lines, American manufacturers have made rapid advance within the past year, and have placed some very handsome and powerful machines upon the market—machines which embody both the graceful lines and rakish appearance of the French product, together with great power and structural strength. Prominent among these are the Winton, Peerless, Pierce and Packard. All of these makes are built on racing lines, and some fine specimens will be seen in these trials. Among other famous machines to be seen are the Locomobile, the White, the Toledo and the Haynes-Apperson. A car that will doubtless excite much interest is that especially built for these trials by the Overman Company and designed by A. L. Riker. It is of the gasoline type and is expected to make a great showing as to speed.

With representative cars of both foreign and American build, and with some of the most fearless and expert chauffeurs of both countries to drive them, this week's speed contests on Staten Island should present a never-to-be-forgotten spectacle and will undoubtedly contribute a most important page to the history of automobiling in America.

WALTER CAMP.

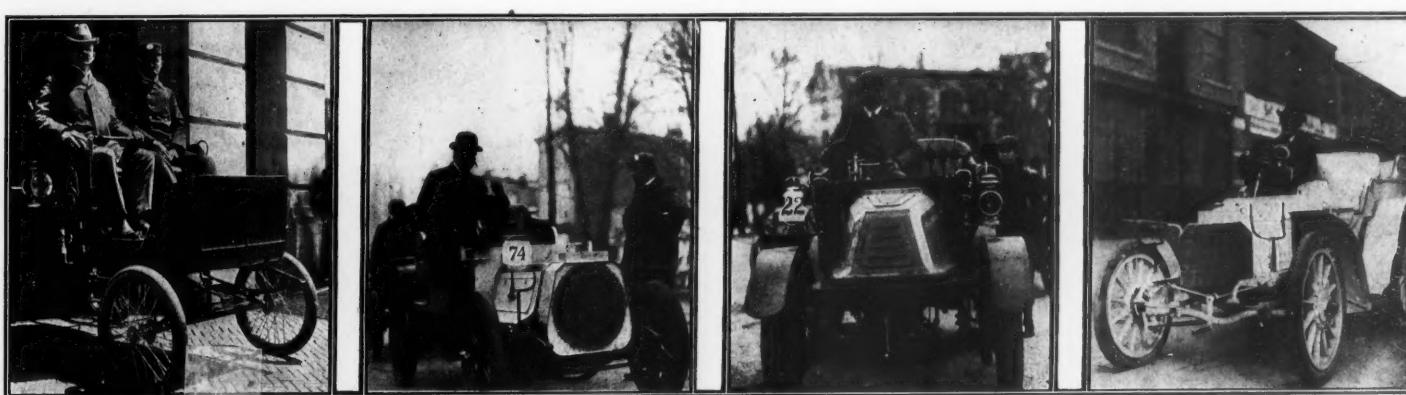


Captain Abbott Captain Weaver
Army vs. Navy

Twenty minutes scored three successive goals. Then the Americans got together for a time and ran up four goals, thereby securing a lead, but their bolt seemed to be shot in this effort, and the Englishmen came back with three more, thus eventually winning by a score of 6 to 4. Lawrence Waterbury was at his best.

At Meadowbrook, Harry Whitney celebrated his return to polo by putting up a phenomenal game. He never played better than in the match between the first and second teams of Meadowbrook, in which he captained the first, while J. W. Appleton captained the second. Whitney's team eventually won by a score of 7 to 2.

The polo tournament at Westchester opened with a game between Lakewood Second and Great Neck, this being the first of three matches for the Country Club's cups. Great



Fire Chief Croker's Locomobile

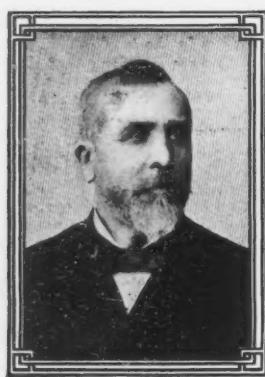
Ernest Curnod in a Rochet-Schneider

Kenneth Skinner in his 16-H.P. De Dion-Bouton

24-H.P. Mercedes owned by Jefferson Seligman

LEADERS IN THE WORLD'S WORK

Copyright 1900 by J. E. Purdy, Boston.



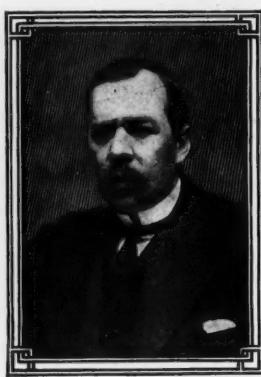
PRESIDENT LOUBET

President Loubet, accompanied by M. Delessie, Minister of Foreign Affairs, visited the Czar of Russia. He returned the call of Nicholas II. and his wife made. Before his journey he contributed \$4,000 toward the Martinique fund.



WHITELAW REID

Whitelaw Reid was selected to be Special Envoy of the United States at the coronation of King Edward VII. Mr. Reid has filled many difficult positions during his political career, and is admirably fitted to represent his country.



C. S. BORCHGREVINK

C. S. Borchgrevink, the famous Antarctic explorer, has become a citizen of the United States. His first characteristic act as an American was to hasten to Martinique, under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution.



PRESIDENT SIMON SAM

President Simon Sam is another name added to the list of deposed rulers of Hayti. Owing to his popularity, he has occupied the most prominent offices in his country. The successful revolution was led by General Firman.



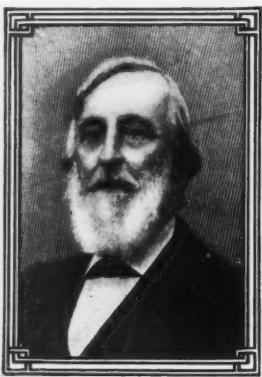
WU TING-FANG

Wu Ting-Fang, Chinese Minister, has been recalled to take charge of the Bureau of Foreign Laws. Mr. Wu has been an interesting figure in the Capital. He is a keen diplomatist and an eloquent speaker in English.



DR. THOMAS RICHEY

The attempt made to retire the Rev. Dr. Thomas Richey from his chair of Sacred Theology, at the General Theological Seminary of New York, failed. The trustees declined to allow the venerable professor to be ousted, voting that he remain or withdraw on a pension as he saw fit.



W. N. HALDEMAN

Walter N. Haldeman, President of the Louisville Courier-Journal, died May 13, from injuries received by a trolley car. He was eighty-one years old, and probably the senior editor of America. During the Civil War he was imprisoned for his paper's sentiments.



DOCTOR HENRY VAN DYKE

Doctor Henry Van Dyke, Professor at Princeton University, a famous author and minister, was chosen Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, which met in New York, May 15. His election as Moderator was a triumph of liberalism in the Presbyterian Church.



MRS. BURNETT-TOWNSEND

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett-Townsend has recently emerged from a sanitarium, where she underwent treatment for severe nervous exhaustion. Her mentality has not been impaired by the attack, as is proved by the announcement of her starting to work on a new novel.



MAXIM GORKY

The young Russian realist, Maxim Gorky, is reaping contumely and death for his fame. He is exiled in Caucasus, and reported dying of consumption. His proposed election in the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg was annulled by the Russian Government.



MORRIS K. JESUP

Morris K. Jesup, President of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, scored first aid to the sufferers of Martinique by purchasing a shipload of provisions and hastening it to St. Pierre. Mr. Jesup is prominent in charitable movements.



WILLIAM REDMOND

William Redmond, a brother of John E. Redmond, M.P., the great Irish leader, toured the West with remarkable results. He estimates that the United Irish League in this country now numbers many thousands. A gigantic Celtic convention may be held here soon.



GENERAL COLLIS

General Charles H. T. Collis, formerly Commissioner of Public Works in the Strong "Reform" administration in New York, died at Bryn Mawr Hospital, Philadelphia, May 11. One of his public services was the improving of Longacre Square in New York City.



LEWIS NIXON

Lewis Nixon, retired as Tammany leader, May 15, because of Richard Croker's interference, and a deficit of \$200,000 he found in the campaign fund. He designed the famous "Oregon," and is the founder of the Crescent Shipyards, Elizabeth, N. J.



JULIA WARD HOWE

Julia Ward Howe, the grand old woman of America, was guest of honor at the first meeting of the "Brainworkers' Association," held in Carnegie Hall, May 11. She recited her immortal "Battle Hymn of the Republic" and spoke on "The Ethical Office of the Drama."



MISS MAY PRENTIS

Miss May Louisa Prentis was a member of the American Consul's unfortunate family at St. Pierre who were victims. When signs of eruption began the Prentises made preparations for flight, but were overtaken.



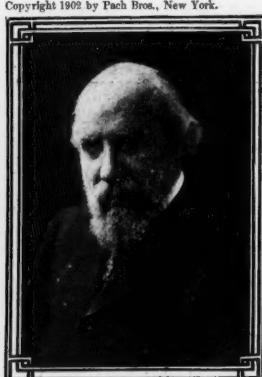
MISS CHRISTINE PRENTIS

Miss Christine Hazel Prentis, younger daughter of the United States Consul at St. Pierre, was another victim of the disaster at Martinique. One of the saddest records is the complete annihilation of the Prentis family.



CHARLES M. SCHWAB

Charles M. Schwab, president of the United States Steel Corporation, has purchased a stretch of land on Staten Island known as Richmond Beach. He means to turn it into a resort for the poor during the sweltering summer months.



JAMES J. HILL

James J. Hill, famous as a railroad promoter and president, is reported to be seeking a steamship line. He has offered to purchase the China Mutual Steam Navigation Company. Like J. P. Morgan, he wishes control on the sea.



HUGUES LE ROUX

Hugues le Roux, the famous French lawyer, writer, and explorer, while lecturing through this country, asserted that he, and not Daudet, wrote "La Belle Nivernaise," and announced that Dreyfus had confessed—which he later denied.

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WESTERN GAME AND FOREST PRESERVES

SOME 47,000,000 acres of forest reservation in the great West influence the water supply of the rivers and streams, which flow through a vast agricultural region, to such an extent that a movement is on foot to petition Congress to protect the woods more adequately than heretofore. The responsibility for caring for these reservations has been in the past thrown upon the Secretary of the Interior, but with such inadequate power that little has been accomplished. In many States and reservations the forests are ruthlessly destroyed by those who find it to their profit to do so, and this is going on rapidly.

The vast territory which these forest reservations cover is for the most part valueless for purposes of settlement, and after the woods were cut down the land would be of little use to any one. But the disappearance of the trees would prove an injury to millions of farmers along the water-courses. The present Congress is being besieged by those interested in irrigation enterprises in the West, and every effort will be made to commit the national government to the work of establishing irrigation plants in various parts of the semi-arid West. It would be more to the point if the government established some ample protective measures for the forest reservations, and indirectly the cause of irrigation would be helped more effectively than if millions of dollars were spent to construct great irrigation canals and pumping stations. It is estimated by experts that the destruction of the forests in the West would cause the drying up of the great rivers in summer-time, so that millions of acres of land now rich and fertile would become dry and worthless.

Another feature of the present movement to preserve the forests on the reservations is the plan to protect the wild animals which live and breed in these great natural forest lands. The disappearance of large and small game in the West is a matter for general regret, and the various attempts of private individuals and companies to establish game preserves show the interest true lovers of wild animals and birds have in the matter. The best way to check this extermination of game is for the government to establish protective regulations in the present forest reservations. There in the depths of the mighty forests, with little danger of being disturbed by man, the wild creatures, which refuse to breed and multiply in captivity, can roam in pleasure and freedom. There are still forest reservations enough owned by the national government to give us the finest and largest game preserves in the world. Nothing in Europe would compare with these either in extent or variety of country. At the same time the water supply of the country would be perpetuated for irrigation and manufacturing purposes.

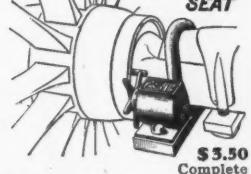
FOOD**TALKS OUT**

Doctor Talks About Food.

It is often the case that doctors themselves drift into bad habits of food and drink although they know better, but doctors are human you know like the rest of us, but when they get into trouble they generally know better how to get out of it, and the "food route" is a common one among them.

Dr. H. Barber of Laurel, Ind., concluded that coffee and badly selected food was the cause of his stomach trouble and his loss of weight from 184 pounds to 153 pounds with nerves impaired and general nervous breakdown.

He did not give up coffee at once but began the use of Grape-Nuts and says, "Within a month I could see a wonderful change had taken place due to the use of the new food. I decided to give up coffee and use Postum in its place. So regularly for a time I have been on a breakfast made up of Grape-Nuts, a little graham bread, and Postum Food Coffee. My weight has increased to 174 pounds, my stomach trouble has entirely gone and my mind is clear and vigorous as ever. Wishing you every success I beg to assure you of my warm appreciation of Grape-Nuts and Postum."

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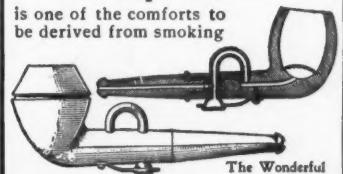
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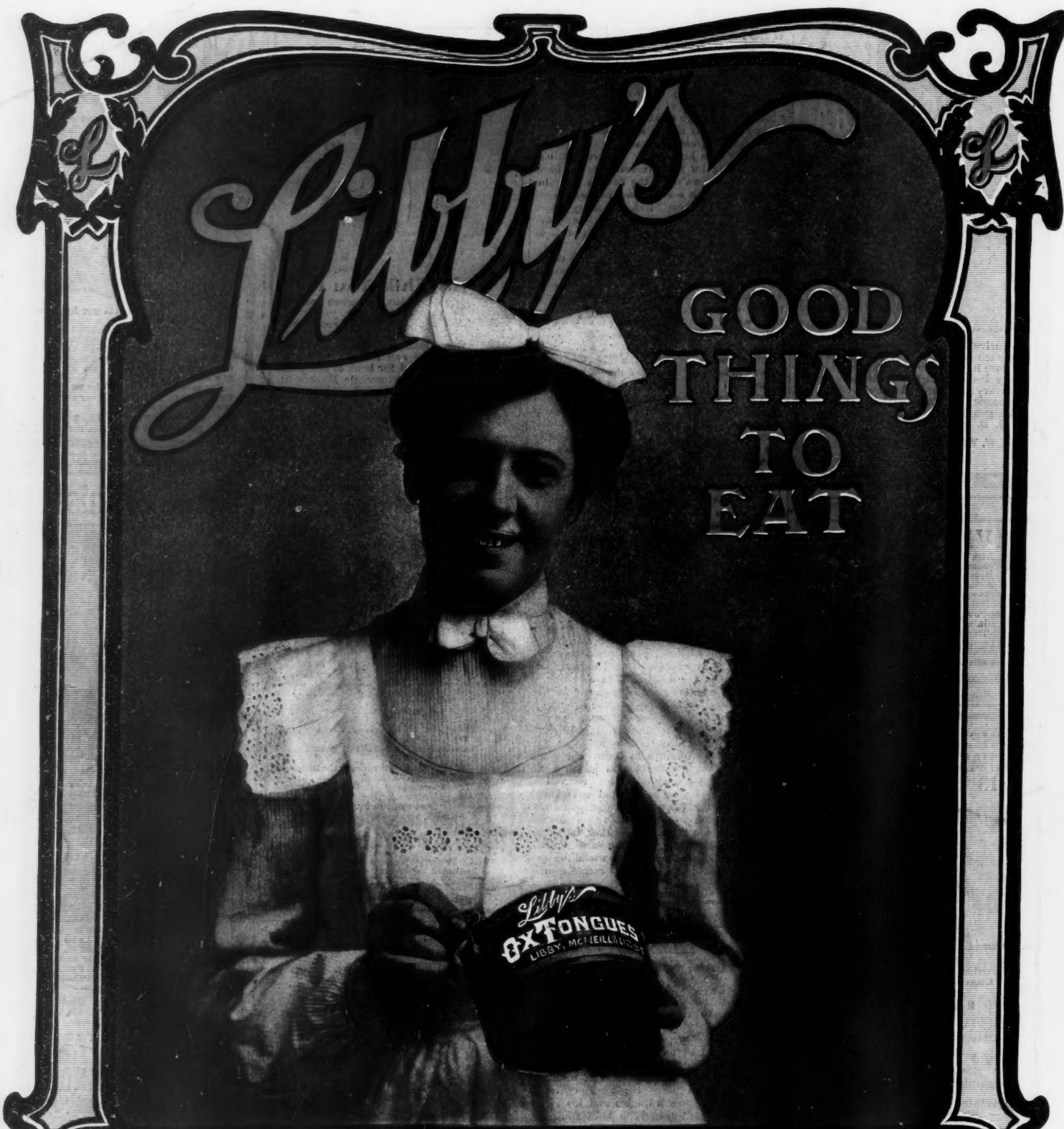
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